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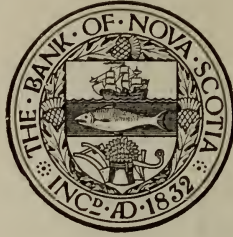
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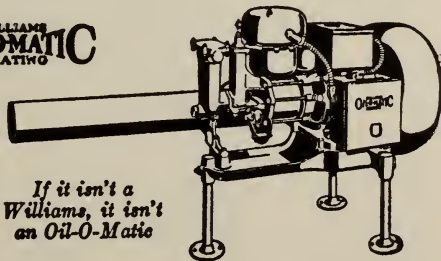
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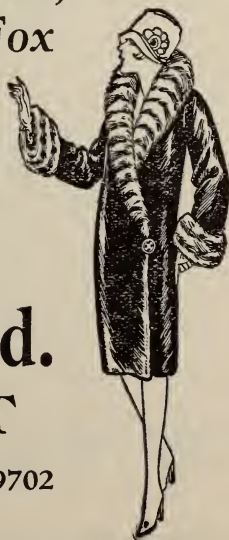
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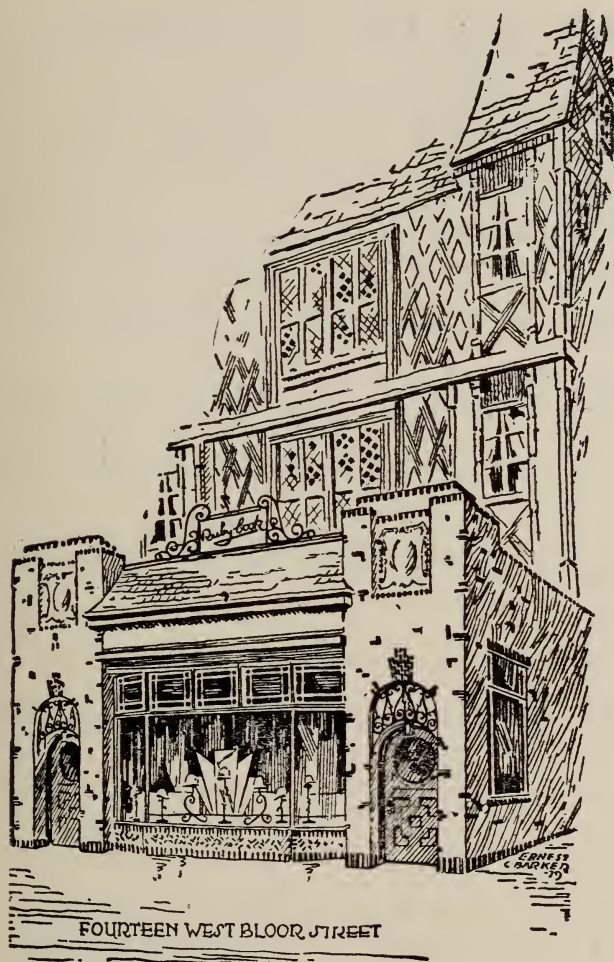
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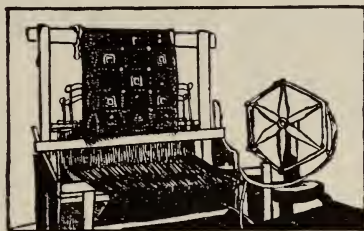
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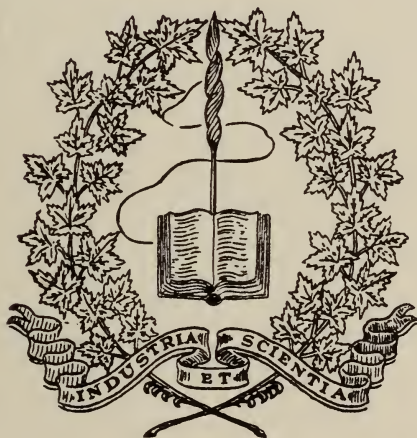
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# THE BRANKSOME SLOGAN



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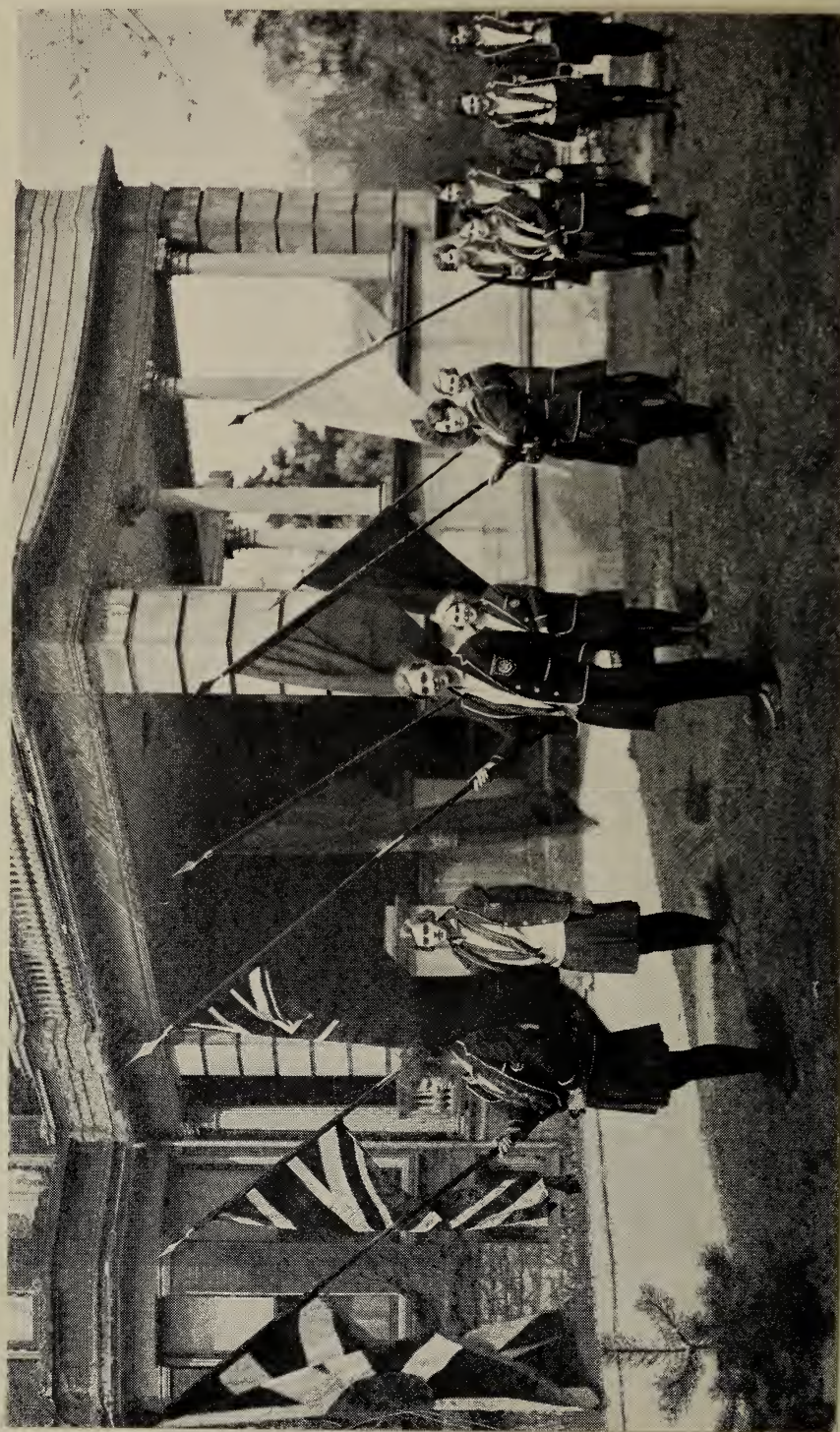
## SLOGAN STAFF:

MARGARET LANSDOWNE  
NORA FLETCHER  
JOYCE LIVINGSTONE  
KATHÉRINE LEA

MURIEL HAROLD  
HELEN GLENNE  
HELEN RICHARDSON  
LILLIAN KRIBS

## ALUMNAE REPRESENTATIVE:

AINSLIE McMICHAEL



HOUSE AND DAY PREFECTS WITH FLAGS.



## The School Flags

This year has been a memorable one in the annals of Branksome Hall. The four corner-stones of our school,—Truth, Honesty, Purity, and Justice, are now symbolized in a flag which we may call our own.

The Branksome colours consist of red, green, white, and black, each color representing in order the virtues mentioned above. These are the colors blended into our flag, which is of heavy silk with golden tassels and fringe.

The school crest contains our motto "Industry and Knowledge," which is inscribed beneath in Latin; and the maple-leaves form a truly Canadian setting for the distaff and the open Bible. The distaff suggests that it is a girl's school, and the Bible shows that it is a Christian school. The flag of Branksome has the two white crosses of Saint George and Saint Andrew, on a red background, and the school crest in the centre, black on a green background. The cross of Saint George is the Cross of Sacrifice, and the diagonal cross represents the Cross of Service. Sacrifice and Service express in a condensed form, the great purpose of Christ's life; and these are the two doors through which one must pass to attain true happiness and spiritual

growth. There are also four other flags typical of our school; each is a Branksome colour, and has the crest in gold, on its centre. The colours of these four flags render it possible to weave in the Prefect's motto,—*"Live pure, speak true, right wrong,"*—A charge given by King Arthur to his knights.

The Branksome flag presents an extremely handsome appearance, of which any school might be proud; a flag symbolic of ideals to be upheld, and the traditions which have existed since the founding of the school, twenty-six years ago. A flag may mould away and decay, but the things for which it stands will endure forever! It is henceforth the duty of every one of us at Branksome so to live as to uphold the worthy ideals portrayed so well on our flag until the time comes when we shall entrust the torch to our successors. Therefore, *"Serve God, keep well the road"* in accordance with the ancient motto of Branksome Castle:—

*"In varld is nocht nature has brought  
yat sal lest ay.*

*Thairfore serve God, keep well ye rod,  
thy fame sal nocht decay."*

BABS GOULDING,

Form V.

## The Dedication of Our Flags

A very impressive ceremony was held for the dedication and placing of our flags which had been designed during the year by Miss Read and the Prefects. At the beginning of the ceremony the Prefects who were given the honor of placing the flags in their respective places marched slowly into the gymnasium. The School Flag carried by the Head Girl led the procession followed closely by the Union Jack and the Canadian Ensign. Directly behind these were the four other flags each representing a school color symbolizing the four pillars of Branksome Hall, Truth, Honesty, Justice and Purity.

When the flag bearers had taken their positions in a semi-circle on the platform, Miss Read and several members of the staff wearing their hoods and gowns took their places within the semi-circle of flags.

The ceremony was opened with a short address by Miss Read who explained the meaning of Our Flag and at that very opportune time appointed four new Prefects after which we sang the School Song. A slow march was then played and the four flags, which represent the pillars of the school were carried to the four corners of the gymnasium respectively. Margaret Withers, our Head Girl, repeated a passage from the Bible taken by Philipians IV:8.

8. "Finally brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

As the words truth, honesty, justice and purity were repeated the flags representing these were placed in their permanent positions. The ceremony was then ended by the singing of God Save the King.

## The School Song

This year is the first year in the history of Branksome that we have had a school song.

This song has been very appropriately chosen from a poem of John Oxenham's "Up and On" which was written in 1915, and in 1916 Jas. Edmund Jones composed the music for it.

We were very fortunate in having Magistrate Jones come to the school himself to teach us the song.

### "Up and On"

Lives are in the making here,  
Hearts are in the waking here,  
Mighty undertaking here,  
Up, and on!  
We are arming for the fight,  
Pressing on with all our might,  
Pluming wings for higher flight.  
Up, and On!

### Chorus

Up then! Truest fame  
Lies in high endeavor,  
Play the game! Keep the flame!  
Burning brightly ever!  
Up then play the game!  
Up, and On!

Fair before us lies the way,  
Time for work and time for play,  
Fill the measure while we may,  
Up, and On!  
Life and time will not delay,  
Time is running fast away,  
Life is now! to-day, to-day!  
Up, and On!

Foes in plenty we shall meet,  
Hearts courageous scorn defeat,  
So we press with eager feet,  
Up, and On!  
Ever onward to the fight,  
Ever upward to the light,  
Ever true to God and Right,  
Up, and On!

MARGARET HENDERSON.

Form V.

## My Trip to the Belgian Battlefields

Two years ago I motored through Belgium with the object of visiting the battlefields for which, more than any other country, Belgium is famous.

Various wars in different periods of history have left their marks on this brave little country.

It was in Belgium on the field of Waterloo that Napoleon fought and lost his great battle against the Duke of Wellington. From the summit of the hand-made mountain which marks this historic spot, one can view the sites of many battlefields scattered over the country for miles around.

Everywhere one sees the desolation remaining from the Great War—ruins of strongholds, villages, towns and cities, where, as at Ypres, hardly a brick remains in its former place. Even the beautiful cathedrals have been battered to the ground by merciless enemies.

Driving through Belgium we would come, every two or three miles, upon a lonely little grave-yard, with its rows of wooden crosses between which bloomed numberless red poppies dancing mournfully in the breeze. These grave-yards told more of the sad story of the war than any of the battlefields.

Some of the most interesting places we visited were the battlefields near Bruges. Here one could walk for some miles in the trenches, which twisted and turned, sometimes covered in and sometimes open. Occasionally one would come to one of the little square rooms which were occupied by the officers.

Nearby these trenches stood small stone huts, with walls and roofs made of solid stone, but even these could not withstand the deadly cannon-balls of the Germans, and huge gaping apertures in the masonry are still visible. Stand-

ing in one of these, even though all was still and quiet outside, one could feel some of the dread which must have lurked in the hearts of the brave soldiers awaiting death there, years before, from the roaring guns around them.

The villages near were in a similar condition of ruin, only the bare and crumbling walls standing amid desolation and over-grown shrubbery, to tell us where many happy homes once stood.

Not far from Bruges, but on the coast at Zeebruges, the famous Mole, a gigantic structure, built by the Germans, juts out over the sea. This was taken by the British in 1915, by an ingenious plan, but at the cost of many lives.

Some distance from Zeebruges stands "Little Bertha," a German gun, captured by the Allies in 1918. It is so huge that it would barely fit inside a large theatre, and is built in a deep pit. It is concealed by a hillock covered with trees and shrubbery, but its great cannon-balls can play havoc with a target thirty miles distant.

The city of Ypres, situated on the river Yzer, suffered many sieges during the four years from 1914 to 1918; it was all battered down then, although much has since been restored. In this city is to be seen a panorama which illustrates vividly the battle of the Yzer.

One particularly interesting thing we saw, was the statue of Canada. This is a tall, stone monument in memory of the brave and patriotic Canadian soldiers who fell in the World War. On a high pedestal stands a Canadian warrior in his army overcoat, uniform and cap, he leans on his rifle, with his head bowed in prayer; a simple, but beautiful memorial of gallant Canadian deeds.

CAROLINE BULL.



## Lugn Huilar Sjon

(*The Lake Lay Calm—from the Swedish.*)

O'er the lake the sun is dying  
Still the waters, blue and deep,  
And the birds no longer crying  
From the boughs their vigils keep,  
Effort and the vain world's sighing  
Shackled lie by strength of sleep.

On the ear there steals a murmur,  
O'er the lake the sun-rays flare,  
To the mountain the sound rises  
Through the calm, cool evening air,  
Listen! now! it is the flowers  
Offering up their evening prayer.

Darkness falls, the moon-beams stream-  
ing,

On the lake, reflect and shine,  
From the sky, so hope is beaming  
On the hearts that grieve and pine,  
Promised rest is brightly gleaming

To such hearts, O men as thine!  
Translation—HELEN ANDERSON.  
Versification—ORA M. FORSTER.

Form IV B.  
H. PFEIL.

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## Life's Plan

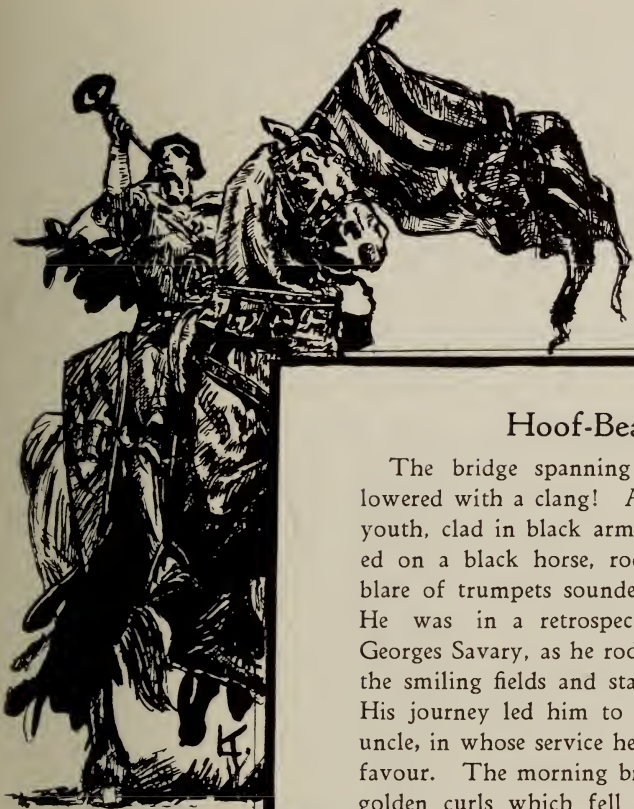
Deep down within the heart of man  
There is in every one, a plan,  
To seek, to gain, to find;  
The constant thought in every mind.

What thoughts are those within the car-  
dinal's breast,  
That sings so merrily above yon nest?  
To live, to love, to fly?  
Is that the meaning of the bird's bright  
eye?

And happy childhood, what of it?  
What name that we could give would fit!  
To play, to laugh, to cry;  
Dreaming dreams of bye and bye.

CHARLOTTE BISHOP.





### Hoof-Beats

The bridge spanning the moat was lowered with a clang! A tall, handsome youth, clad in black armour and mounted on a black horse, rode forth, as the blare of trumpets sounded his departure. He was in a retrospective mood, this Georges Savary, as he rode away between the smiling fields and stately woodlands. His journey led him to the castle of an uncle, in whose service he had won much favour. The morning breeze tossing the golden curls which fell from under his black helmet, also stirred the poplar leaves to merriment, and carressed the nodding daisies by the wayside. The broad lands of sunny Normandy lay peacefully sleeping under the azure skies of an early May, and upon the blue distances, which always inspired in Georges a vague longing, he set his eyes and fell into a muse.

While riding along through a dense forest, Georges' attention was arrested by a man lying near the road and moaning as if in great pain. Thinking that the unfortunate man had been the victim of robbers, and desiring to render aid, Georges dismounted and led his horse over to where the wounded man lay

prostrate. At that instant, a company of horsemen rode out from a grove of trees on the far side of the road, thereby cutting off his retreat. The only avenue of escape lay in attempting to ride through the almost impassable barrier of trees which confronted him. Although fully aware of the futility of riding over such ground, it seemed the only alternative, other than surrender. Leaping into the saddle and spurring his horse, Georges disappeared behind the wall of trees! His failure to hear the resultant sounds of the other horses, led him to the conjecture that his pursuers had dismounted, in favour of a quicker advance on foot. Knowing the forest to be very large in extent, strengthened his presumption, as it would require a much larger number of men to patrol it than this band represented. Tying the reins to the saddle, Georges leaped off his frightened horse, quickly climbed into the upper branches of a giant yew! Standing in the crotch of the yew, which swayed in the wind, the moaning of the dark tree-tops seemed to fill him with a sudden desolation and uneasiness, as he strained to catch the tell-tale sounds of his pursuers. He had not long to wait. Two horsemen went running past, their spurs jingling in unison with their laboured breathing.

Georges paused to satisfy himself that no more were following, then cautiously descended from his lofty perch, and struck off through the forest. He regained the road, as he had planned, at such a point as would enable him to discern the movements of his enemies with safety. Approaching within fifty paces of a soldier guarding the deserted horses, Georges picked up a couple of stones which he hurled in amongst the trees across the road. The guard, recovering from his first fright, rode off accosting the still forest in a loud voice, not devoid of fear. Quickly selecting a likely mount, Georges swung into the saddle

and was off like a flash down the road. Thereupon, some of the remaining horses taking fright, bolted, and dashed off in a similar fashion. The rest of the horsemen hurried back to their comrade to learn what all the uproar was about. When the truth was discovered, the remaining horses were instantaneously mounted, and dashed off in pursuit, while the horseless men resorted to curses as they stamped up and down in the dust. "What are we to ride back on—rabbits?" roared one lusty soul.

The uncomfortable guard made no reply; he was sitting apart from his irate companions with sullen glance and extremely red ears, being obliged to listen to the rude jests which sponsored the loud guffaws directed against him.

Meanwhile, travelling along the road at a breakneck pace, Georges ran into a detachment of the enemy, resting by the wayside after their morning manoeuvres. Astonishment greeted them as they beheld a hostile horseman riding through their midst.

"Shoot, you fools!" shouted the commander in a frenzied voice.

A dozen cross-bows were unslung and a dozen arrows sped through the dust of the vanishing horse and rider. Georges Savary, bent low over the saddle, his hair streaming out behind in the wind, was soon out of range. Reigning in his exhausted horse, he turned and waved gaily; then removed an arrow imbedded in the saddle, in rather close proximity to his leg. Soon the ring of horse-hoofs met his ears, causing him to quicken his pace.

The infuriated horse-soldiers arrived at their infantry detachment amid noisy and excited exclamation.

"Didst thou see a bold youth clad in black armour pass here on horse?" they questioned.

"By the Bones of Saint Michael," was the rejoinder, "he would be here awaiting you if our arrows had sped true!"

It was a travel-worn Georges that turned off the road into a copse of evergreens a few minutes later. He continued on his unhurried way by a foot-path, leaving his pursuers the whole road, because as he nonchalantly reminded himself, "They are in a far greater hurry than I am". A moment later, the last statement was verified, when he heard them galloping past. Georges' tawny locks were clotted with dust, yet the faint glimmering of a smile stole across

his sun-browned face, as he lazily swung a long leg over the pommel. When twilight was descending upon a hushed world, towers and battlements slowly rose out of the distance, the roofs and gables gilded by the glory of the sunset. Georges' dark eyes sought the spot, clear-cut against the eastern sky, and his glance softened as he gazed upon the encircling walls and turrets which promised welcome.

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## The Belgian Ranch

A large ranch lies in the beautiful foothills of Alberta. It was built many years ago by a certain Lord Pirmez. But after a few years the old man died willing his farm to no one. As time passed on, the buildings were robbed of their red paint and left grey and lifeless, and several of the sheds were tumbling down. Nevertheless, the ranch is still very beautiful, for a clear, babbling brook finds its way through lovely green pastures, up to the old ranch building, where it runs just a few rods from the house. Huge evergreen trees border the bank through the whole of its course, and small, rustic seats are situated under the largest of these near the ranch buildings. At the point where the brook runs nearest the house, a little bridge stretches from one bank to the other, and further down its course a large tree droops its branches over so far that they touch the other side, so that it makes a perfect crossing place for the little red squirrels which are seen working and playing continually in the trees.

A little to the east of the house, lie the horse stables, barns and sheds. The stables are placed in a long row, each one separated from the other by a low partition that does not quite reach the roof, so that all the stables are connected with each other by the opening at the top.

On each stable door is painted in big grey letters the name of the horse or cow that is within. Jipp, Sukey, Pansy, Queen of Spades, Prince, Beauty, Madge, Tiny, Indian Maid, and Princess are some of the names posted.

At the back of the stables, lies a huge barn that towers above all the other buildings, like a great mountain. If you enter through the small door at the side, you will find yourself in a great airy building. At one end you see a number of stalls for the big work-horses that toil with plough, mower and rake. A large passage-way is left between the two sliding doors for the big hay wagon, which separates these stables from a part of the barn which is filled almost to the roof with lovely fresh hay from the sunny hay fields. It is this that causes that lovely sweet odour to fill your nostrils; it is this that makes the big building smell so fresh, clean and inviting, and it is this that makes you linger and sniff the air longingly. When you step from the door into the open you feel that there is nothing in the world that is so lovely and sweet-smelling as new-mown hay.

A little way from the barn is a big red wooden gate connecting the ranch building with the plentiful pastures beyond. Just at the left of the gate a

structure is built to shelter the horses and cattle from stormy winds. Also in the heat of the day when the animals are bothered by the biting flies that buzz around them continually, they slowly make their way to the old shed where the sun cannot beat upon their backs and where the horse-flies do not come around them in such countless numbers. Coming to this shed at the right time of day, one may see in the far corner Sukey, the old black and white cow, lying down and swishing her tail lazily and chewing her cud while she day-dreams pleasantly without a care in the world. Standing around her or lying near her are five or six of the other cows, their ears drooping and their eyes half closed. The other half of the shed is occupied by the horses with their shaggy manes rumped and their heads resting on the necks of the other horses.

But the most beautiful time of all on the old ranch is in the evening. As the sun sets, the horizon becomes gradually more pink and finally is suffused with a wonderful red glow, shining through the ancient evergreen trees until it rests

on the rippling flow of water known as Pirmez Creek, which becomes a beautiful, sparkling display of rubies, singing its song gaily as it babbles on its way.

In the pastures near by, the tinkle, tinkle of the cow-bells can be heard as the cattle nibble at the fresh green blades of grass, covered with sparkling drops of dew.

On the other side of the stream the glossy coats of pretty, well-groomed ponies can be seen shining as the glow of the western sky rests on them and as the ponies nibble gently at whatever may come in their way.

In the distance, the weird, far-off calls of the coyotes can be heard faintly.

On returning to the Ranch House you come upon the old hired man, sitting comfortably on an old apple box beside the garage door. He, too, is happy and smokes his pipe thoughtfully.

The whole atmosphere seems to be filled with a pleasant peacefulness and happiness which makes life on the old Ranch seem beautiful despite all hardships.

RUTH CARLYLE.

## Life on the Ocean Wave

I'm going to sail over the seas,  
In a ship that will weather the breeze,  
We'll sail to many a distant sand,  
And when we return you'll see us land.

From our cargo of wonderful merchandise,  
We'll give you all marvels that you will prize,  
There'll be toys for the children, books for the old,  
Valuable presents we ought to have sold.

There'll be barrels of cocoanuts, plucked from Ape-Isle,  
And turbans from India marked for they're style.  
They'll be pigtails from China and gowns from Japan,

Some pies, several cakes and a gingerbread man.

There'll be Indians' feathers from Canada's coast,

Of grapefruits from Cuba you'll find we can boast,

There'll be silks, furs and muslins from islands we'll see

And lots of rich buns that we'll eat for our tea.

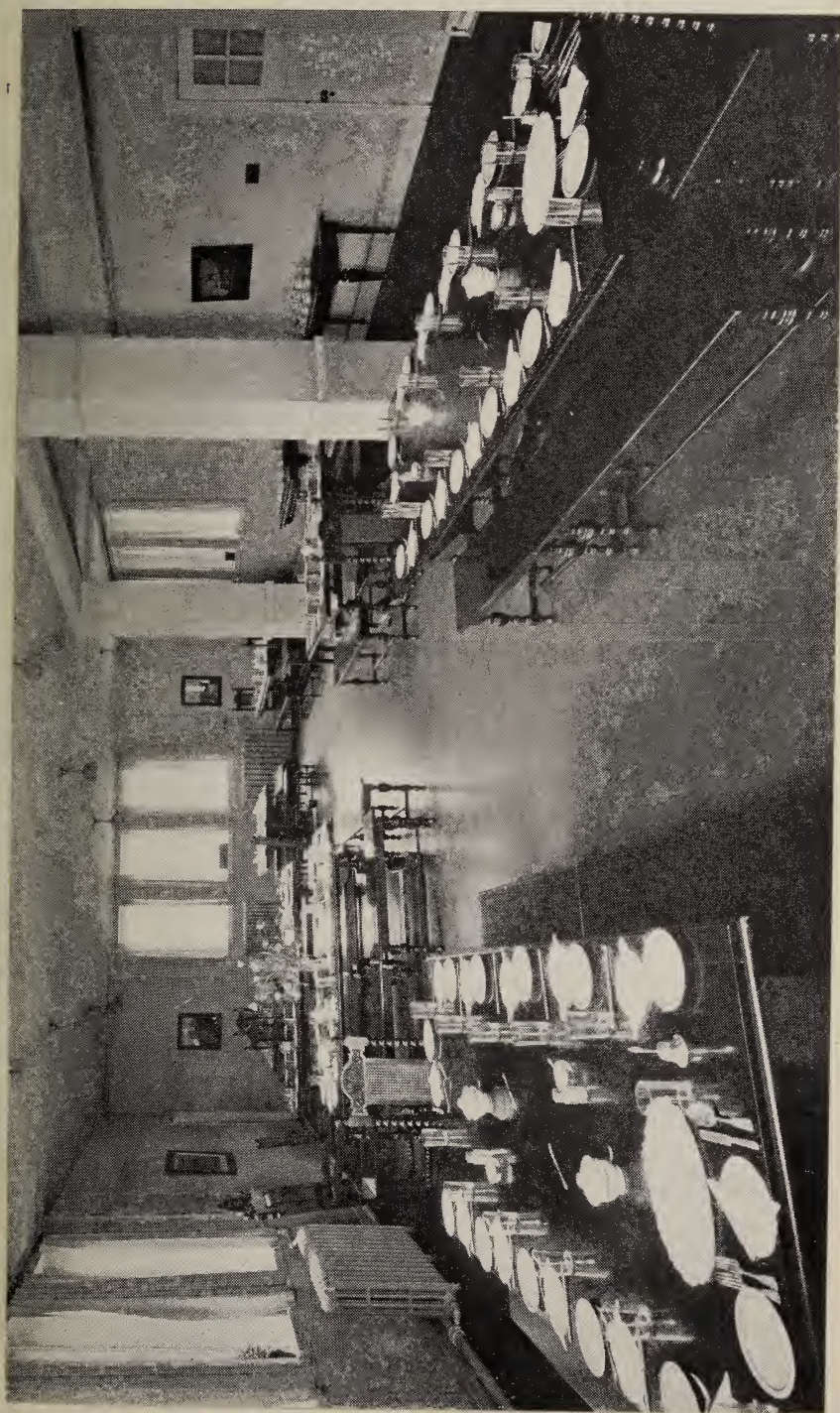
As you watch us arrive, our ship heavily-laden,

You'll see that the bow is adorned with a maiden,

Her hair will blow out in the wind far and wide,

And I will be standing up close by her side.

C. P. BULL.



SCHOOL DINING-ROOM.

## Crazy Rhythm — A Play

*Scene:*—The living-room of Mrs. Melody-Jazz.

Ten or twelve ladies and gentlemen are grouped around the room, some are playing bridge, others are talking.

A young man comes walking briskly into the room, looks around pleasantly—

*Gay Youth*—"How do you do, everybody. How do you do?"

*Chorus*—"Clap hands—here comes Charlie"—(they clap).

*Mrs. Melody-Jazz* (walking up to welcome him:—)

"Cut yourself a piece of cake, and make yourself at home."

(Charlie takes a step sideways to join a group of friends and consequently steps on a maiden's foot).

*Charlie*—"I'm sorry, Sally."

(Sally looks at him scornfully and rubs the injured parts, then tears appear in her lovely eyes, and she limps off stage).

Charlie very embarrassed and awkward follows her saying:—

"I'm sorry I made you cry, but what can I say Dear, after I've said I'm sorry?"

Sally looks coldly over her shoulder—exit Sally.

A *Guest* (hastily trying to cover up Charlie's embarrassment). Has any one seen the new Ford?"

*Guest II*—"Yes, 'Henry's made a lady out of Lizzie,' 'I'm just crazy about automobile horns,' 'That's my weakness now!'"

(At this point a little curly-headed boy enters crying).

"Mammy-Mammy!"

*Fond-parent*—"Sonny - Boy!"

(He runs over to her weeping—climbs on her knee!)

*Sonny Boy*—I hurt me—"I faa down and go Boom!"

*Fond Parent*—My poor little "Melancholy Baby—Mother will rock you

in the cradle of the deep"—"Now, Precious—be good!"

*Sonny Boy* (stamping foot) No! "I want to be bad."

(He runs away and hides behind the chair of guest who is playing bridge.

*Fond Parent*—"Lover, Come back to me!"

(Guest discovers child, and takes it over to mother.)

*Guest*—Is this your child?

*Fond Parent*—"Yes sir, that's my Baby," (rises with child) "Well, I'm on my way home," come dear, it's bedtime.

*Sonny Boy*—I don't want to—"I want to go places and do things!"

*The Mother pleadingly*—"Honey!"

(She begins to drag him out.)

*Sonny Boy*—(looking wrathfully at guest)

"You took advantage of me"—Exit Mother and Son.

*Guest* (turns to Charlie)—

Are you going to see the "Rythm King."

*Charlie*—"Yes, that's my suppressed desire."

*Guest*—"Well, don't bring Lulu."

They are interrupted by the announcement of supper and the guests begin to go out.

A worried looking lad dashes up to Mrs. Melody-Jazz.

*W. L. Lad*—"I wonder what's become of Sally?"

*Mrs. Melody-Jazz*—"Who?"

*W. L. Lad*—"Sally of my Dreams,"

"My One and Only," "She's the Cream in my Coffee," She's—

*Mrs. Melody-Jazz* (hastily)

Oh, she's "Picking Cotton" in "The Blue Room"—"The Room with a View"—so go on, "Get Out and Get Under the Moon."

(She follows the guests out to the buffet)

*Charlie re-entering*—"I'm Just Wild About Animal Crackers"—(he walks over to a girl).

"Where Are You Going to My Pretty Maid?"

*Girl*—"I'm going to that 'Little White House on the Little Green Hill in Melody Lane.'"

*Charlie*—May I take you home?  
(The girl nods her assent).

Charlie walks up to Mrs. Melody-Jazz. "Thank you, Mrs. Melody-Jazz, I'll be 'Paddlin' Madeline Home."

*Mrs. Melody-Jazz*—Goodnight, be sure to "Button up your overcoat."

Madeline to Charlie as they go out—"Thanks for the Buggy-ride."

Charlie smiles at her and turns to company.

"Goodnight, ladies." Exit Charles and Madeline.

Voice from Bridge table—

"Your Cheating on me!"

*Another voice*—"Don't be Like That!"

*Another, other guest*—Well, "Dear old Pals of Mine," "It's Three o'clock in the Morning," and time to stop "Makin' Whoopee."

*Guest*—"Yes, we'd better be speeding along 'the Sidewalks of New York—' 'Oh Doris, where do you live?'"  
(turns to Doris).

Doris—"Down by the Vinegar works."

*Guest*—All right, "We're heading for the river"—on a "bicycle built for two."

Doris—Yes, "Let's do it"—They bid their adieus, the guests all say good-night to Mrs. Melody-Jazz.

*Mrs. Melody Jazz*—"Where's your ball and chain?"

*Last Lady Guest*—He's at "Home Sweet Home" to-night—"To-night his night with baby."

*Mrs. Melody-Jazz*—"You're all alone?"

*Last Lady Guest*—Yes—"All by myself in the moonlight."

(They bid adieu).

*Mrs. Melody-Jazz* (yawning) What a "deep night." I'm like a "Weary River"—She picks up her Pekinese pup and puts it on the chesterfield—"Beloved"—She pats it—"Sleep Baby Sleep"—Exit.

(Curtain)

BILLIE FERGUSON.



## That Week-end in Muskoka



A certain week-end of last February saw a dozen Branksomeites, ably conducted by Miss Bowlby and Miss Jones, invade the Muskoka wilds in all their winter glory, in quest of the thrills that only winter sports can give.

Our rendezvous was the spacious downtown station, where we all met overburdened with baggage, and bristling with skis, poles, and other paraphernalia, which caused our merry troupe to resemble a band of roving athletes.

We wedged ourselves in, or at least tried to, in an overcrowded train, resplendent with the usual consignment of babies, oranges and newspapers. Later on, a couple of Branksomeites heaved upon the scene a box of unbelievable dimensions, which yielded many forms of tempting eatables for appetites in a receptive mood. The supply of food seemed inexhaustible, even when a prey to "that school girl appetite", which

certainly found self-expression in this instance!

Upon our arrival at the station we claimed our skis and baggage and clamored aboard the sleighs. We were soon driving away under the starlit sky, amid the tinkling of sleighbells and merry laughter. At last we were skirting the tree-fringed shore of the lake, and across the bay we could see the lights of our destination twinkling through the trees. We drove in from the dim starlight into a lovely grove of tall maples where the lodge stood, nestled down in amongst the trees, and creating a rustic effect which delighted us all.

Needless to say, our happy days which were mostly spent in ski-ing on the fine hills which the neighbourhood offered, ended all too soon. If the pace became too strenuous, one could always enjoy sitting on the lodge verandah, watching skiers sliding or tumbling down the slope which supported the toboggan slide. This amusement never failed to arouse my sense of humour, provided of course that I was not skiing at the same time, so as to duplicate their antics in too quick succession. However, as a spectator I found it extremely entertaining to note the general attitude of premonition with which a skier starts off down a hill, mouth open, and knees wavering. Some seemed to see how near they could come to trees without actual contact, others took on the form of windmills in a high wind, and the remainder often managed to negotiate the slope successfully, only to succumb at the bottom, and plunge into a waiting snowbank, with only their northern or southern extremities, as the case might be, dangling in the wind. Skiing, snowshoeing, tobogganing, and riding constituted our chief activities. However, I feel that our memorable hockey match deserves special mention.

Nearly all the school team was present, and we were obliged to arm ourselves with the dilapidated hockey sticks picked up around the rink, and in some cases, don borrowed skates. The opposing team was composed entirely of doctors. Being a lover of humanity, it is my fervent hope that they treat their patients more gently than they did us! The outcome of a furious melee of arms, legs, and sticks, was a 2-1 score in our favour. This necessitated an overtime. As the rink was built on a tennis court, it was not a very spacious affair for two teams in action, and also, it had a nice, undulating surface. Low benches serving as goals made it very difficult to score. The referee, failing to unearth a bell,

rigged up with the help of a tin funnel, a loud rattle, which, I am sure, did not fail to awake echoes of a forgotten day. The main feature of the game is summed up very well in the title of that popular song-hit, "I faw down an' go boom!"

It was with great misgiving that we packed our bags preparatory to the homeward voyage. As the poet Shelley so truly remarked: "A joy once lost, is pain." Our joy, however, was not yet at an end, but it was considerably diminished when we returned to our "banana belt" back to a rain-soaked Toronto in answer to our noble calling!

BABS GOULDING.

V. Form.



## The Call of Spring

It is calling from the valley,  
Where the merry streamlets play,  
From the fairy woods o'er yonder,  
Where nesting birds are gay.

From the hilltop and the meadow,  
Where the fresh, cool breezes blow,  
And children's happy laughter,  
On the air drifts to and fro.

It is calling it is calling,  
This Pan-like voice of spring,  
Luring us with mystic spell  
To play and dance and sing.

For just one stolen hour  
To enjoy untroubled bliss,  
To forget our care and worry  
And feel spring's sweet caress.  
HELEN McLENNAN.



### CLASS OFFICERS.

*Bottom Row, left to right: B. Smith, M. Henderson, Jr., J. Shaw, S. McEvoy, B. Stambaugh.*

*2nd Row: M. Gibson, R. Rutherford, M. McFarland, D. MacLeod, M. Robertson.*

*3rd Row: G. Gray, C. Brett, H. Phillips, J. Hannay.*

*4th Row: E. Saunderson, M. Henderson, M. Withers, R. Hamilton, H. Richardson.*

## The Gym Display

Our gym. display this year was somewhat in the nature of an experiment inasmuch as it was the first time it had been attempted on such a large scale. We were fortunate enough to obtain the Varsity Arena for Friday evening, May 3rd. It was, of course, evident from the beginning that the seating accommodation was much greater than was needed, and so it was decided to sell tickets for two sides only. With the assistance of our Alumnae and the co-operation of the entire school, our objective was reached when we were able to fill over 1,000 seats.

Our program opened with the Grand March, in which the whole school took part. The music for this was supplied by the Queen's Own Band, and the general effect was greatly enhanced by the attractive lighting throughout the auditorium. The school was led by our prefects carrying the Union Jack, the Canadian ensign, and our five Branksome flags, which, after God Save the King, were placed around the arena. Then followed groups of flag activities by the youngest members of the school, after which came gymnastics, which were executed with great credit by about fifty members of the Junior School. The Intermediates and Seniors appeared for the first time in two short dances known as "The School-room Clog" and "Arkansas Travellers". An interesting diversion followed in the form of Junior School Games, the audience enjoying especially the King's Jelly. This consisted of balancing an extremely lively balloon on a small tray, and the young participants are to be congratulated on the fact that neither side spilled the "jelly" during the course of the game. Perhaps one of the most striking numbers of the evening followed in the form of Wand Exercises and Marching Tactics by First and Second Forms. Their perfect precision of movement and

unfailing accuracy delighted all who saw them.

Last summer Miss Smellie attended Bukh's School in Denmark to study Fundamental Gymnastics, and on her return introduced this type of gym. work to Branksome. We, therefore, felt that these Fundamental Gymnastics, by about 70 members of the Senior School, constituted a very important part of our program. Although this number was unaccompanied by any music it was the pronounced rhythm of the movements that was most pleasing to the audience.

A group of Folk Dances by the Juniors was followed by a similar group by both Juniors and Seniors. The latter was comprised of English country dances, Morris and the braiding of five Maypoles, appropriately decked in the School colours.

The two dances which followed were by members of the Dancing Classes. The former, "Moment Musicale", by three Juniors. The latter, Obertars, was rendered particularly attractive by the addition of gay Russian costumes.

An extremely graceful rendering of the Balloon Dance was next given by two of the Senior girls—Helen Richardson and Betty Stambaugh. The dancing program was then brought to a close by a group of four Danish folk-dances. The entire school then took part in the formation of the word Canada and the singing of the national song.

I am sure we all feel that whatever time and energy has been expended in preparation for this display, has been amply repaid by the evident appreciation of the audience. Although much depended on the co-operation of the entire school the real credit falls to the share of Miss Smellie and Miss Barker. They on their part were ably seconded by the rest of the staff, including our pianist, Miss Greig. MARY McLEAN.

## Rivulets

Laughing, twinkling rivulets,  
 Trickle through the meadows;  
 Falling, tumbling,  
 Rushing, bubbling,  
 Through the golden shadows.

As it joins the shining waters,  
 Mingles with the rushing waves,  
 Heaving, tossing,  
 Never stopping,  
 Rolling on its way.

Streams of silver water,  
 Flashing down the glen;  
 Running, stopping,  
 Trickling, dropping,  
 Over rock and fen.

Now a garden and a cottage,  
 It rushes by with glee;  
 Leaving laughter,  
 Going faster,  
 As it nears the sea.

Kissed by weeping willows,  
 Dropping o'er the edge,  
 Running faster,  
 Slowing after,  
 Passing by the hedge.

So we, too, are little rills,  
 In the stream of Life;  
 Going, coming,  
 Falling, stumbling,  
 Towards a boundless life.

W. BATE.



## Prefect Personals

"Merry to walk with,  
Merry to talk with,  
And a jolly good friend with all."

Phyllis Shepard—an American, but lives in Ottawa. This is her second year at Branksome—was on the second basketball team until she injured her hand. Phyllis is always interested in school affairs and works hard at anything she takes up. Phyllis expects to go to Varsity next year.

"Of the beauty of kindness I speak,  
Of a smile, of a charm."

Helen Pidgeon, a Torontonion and this year a boarder, has attended Branksome for four years. Music convener of the Beta Kappa, and studying for her A.T.C.M., "Helen" has given most graciously of her musical abilities. She has always been eager to "lend a hand", and we shall miss her willing ways and happy smile when she goes to Varsity next year.

"A quiet manner, pleasant smile,  
And when she speaks 'tis well worth while."

Margaret Withers, a Torontonion. Margaret is head girl, president of the Y.W., secretary-treasurer of Form V, on the basketball team and also on the hockey team. She is always interested in sports and in all school affairs. This is her twelfth and last year at Branksome. We shall certainly miss you next year, Margaret.

"If a good face is a letter of recommendation,

A good heart is a letter of credit."

Helen Richardson, a Torontonion. Helen is a day girl and president of Fourth Form, also a Slogan representative and secretary-treasurer of the Beta Kappa. Helen is always a help in all school activities and we shall be very sorry to lose her.

"'Tis working with the heart and soul  
that makes our duty pleasure."

Margaret Henderson, another Torontonion. Margaret is school sports captain, one of the basketball team, also of the hockey team, president of the Fifth Form and an editor of the Slogan. Margaret is always keenly interested in all kinds of sports and is a great help in the making of scenery for the Form plays. We wish you the best of luck at M.E.S. next year, Marg.



MARGARET WITHERS,  
Head Girl.

"Broad in mind, tall in stature,  
Bad at times but good in nature,  
Always ready with a smile,  
Bright and cheery all the while."

Ruth Hamilton, a lively Torontonian. Ruth is captain of the first basketball team, on the hockey team, sports captain of Fourth Form, and treasurer of the Y.W.C.A. Ruth is particularly interested in all school affairs, taking part in all sports, form plays, and last but not least "work". We hope to see you back next year.

"A life that moves to gracious ends  
Through troops of many, many  
friends."

Nancy Wilson, a Torontonian, a day girl in Fifth Form, vice-president of the Beta Kappa. Last year Nancy carried off four prizes at the closing, one for Fourth Form mathematics, one for Fourth Form French, one for Fifth Form English, and one for general proficiency. Nancy expects to go to Victoria College next year. She has been a leader in her class, and among her friends, and there will be a big gap when she leaves.

"She has the kindest and sincerest  
heart."

Helen Glennie, born in Nova Scotia, but has lived in Toronto for the last seven years. She was a day girl until last year when she became a boarder. Helen is a Slogan representative for Fourth Form. A more conscientious worker or a truer friend could not be found. She is very generous and always ready to lend a helping hand. We wish her the best of luck for the forthcoming year.

"She's little, but she's wise,  
She's a terror for her size."

Elizabeth Saunderson first opened her eyes on this turbulent world in Sydney, Nova Scotia, but has since honored Halifax by her presence. She appears to be interested in everything for she is sport captain of Fifth Form, secretary of the Y.W.C.A., on the first basketball and hockey teams and enjoys tennis and swimming. This is "Elizabeth's" second year in Fifth, and she seems to be enjoying it as she is writing eight honor subjects. We wish her great success in all her exams, and extend best wishes for the coming year.

"The secret of success is constancy to  
purpose."

Margaret Eaton, Form IV, a Torontonian, is excellent proof of this. She is one of our most brilliant students and has almost invariably won the general proficiency prize. She is also Debating Convenor of the Beta Kappa and is on the hockey team, as well as the second basketball team. Margaret is not sure what she will do next year, but whatever it may be we know that success will attend her.

"The things are few she would not do  
In friendship's name."

Elizabeth Burruss, born in Toronto, and a day girl until the last term of school. A Fifth Former, president of Beta Kappa, on the second basketball team and goalie of our hockey team. She also won general proficiency last year in Fourth Form. This record speaks for itself. Elizabeth goes to Varsity next year.





## Basketball

Our first basketball team this year won the championship of the three schools, Bishop Strachan, Havergal and Branksome.

There was great interest shown and most of the girls came out for all the practices. We also had a number of enthusiastic rooters who helped to inspire our team.

### *First Team Games.*

Oct. 5.—Old Girls vs. Present Girls. Won by Present Girls—44-10.

Oct. 6.—Bishop Strachan vs. Branksome, at Bishop Strachan. Won by Branksome—18-8.

Oct. 9.—Havergal vs. Branksome, at Branksome. Won by Branksome—32-3.

Oct. 23.—Bishop Strachan vs. Branksome, at Branksome. Won by Branksome—16-10.

Oct. 30.—Havergal vs. Branksome, at Havergal. Won by Branksome—22-17.

Dec. 1.—Trafalgar Castle School vs. Branksome, at Whitby. Won by Branksome—17-16.

Jan. 26.—Trafalgar Castle School vs. Branksome, at Branksome. Won by Branksome—22-12.

### *Second Team.*

The second team was not successful last fall in winning any matches, but they all worked very hard, and at the end of the season on January 26 they won a well played game against Trafalgar Castle School.

The team was as follows:—

Forwards—Elizabeth Burruss, Gretchen Gray (captain).

Centres—Katherine Boyd, Ross MacDonald.

Defence — Margaret Eaton, Ethel Tweddell.

Subs—Lillian Kribs, Helen McLennan, Violet Tapley.



BASKETBALL TEAM.

*M. Henderson, M. Withers, B. Goulding, N. Eaton, R. Hamilton,  
E. Saunderson.*

## Tennis

Tennis seems to be taking a greater part than ever in school sports. Already there is a long list up for the tournament. We are very fortunate this year in having a new gravel court, making three gravel and two board courts.

Last year the senior tennis singles were won by Margaret Withers, who defeated Nora Eaton. The doubles were played off between Nora Eaton and Katherine McVean vs. Isabel Pirie

and Margaret Withers, the latter winning. The junior tennis is always very interesting as we naturally look to them for the future of our school. The singles were won by Nancy Spragge and the doubles by Carolyn Gundy and Marion McLaren.

An exciting inter-school match was played between Havergal College and Branksome and we are looking forward to playing them again this year.

M. WITHERS.

## Swimming

The swimming this year has taken its usual place among the activities of Branksome.

A very keen interest was taken in the swimming meets, especially among the boarders, as it was known that a cake was to be the prize.

There is a great deal of talent shown

among the swimmers of the school, and a number of the girls are trying for life-saving badges.

The progress in the swimming at Branksome ever since the opening of our pool is due to patient labour of our instructress, Miss M. Barker, who has made this sport such a success.

M. HENDERSON.

## Badminton

This year as before Badminton played a major part in the winter term sports. Everyone was keenly interested in the fascinating game and the court was always in use, whether before school, in the afternoon or at night.

The staff also succumbed to its pleasures and formed a club, which met every Wednesday evening during the term. No doubt the girls will soon have to be looking to their laurels as the staff might challenge them and prove victorious in the encounter.

As usual there was a tournament for both singles and doubles, and there were

many entries. In a very exciting game Dorothy Magee defeated Mary Ritchie, thus winning the singles. Shirley Graves and Margaret Eaton secured the doubles.

This year has been a very successful one for Badminton and there was even talk of our playing other schools, but nothing definite was decided. Next year we shall look forward to finishing our tournament earlier so that we may challenge other schools and thus include Badminton among our more important sports.

MARGARET EATON.

## The Branksome Girl Guides

The 24th Toronto Company of Girl Guides consists of eighteen Guides, forming three patrols, under the able captaincy of Miss Mary Ogilvie, assisted by Miss Jessie Torrance. Only four of the Guides have managed the Second-class Badge, but the rest are working for it. These four have already obtained several Proficiency Badges and are going on to work for others as well as the First-class Badge.

The last enrollment was held during the Easter term when two girls were enrolled. There are only two recruits at present and more will always be welcomed.

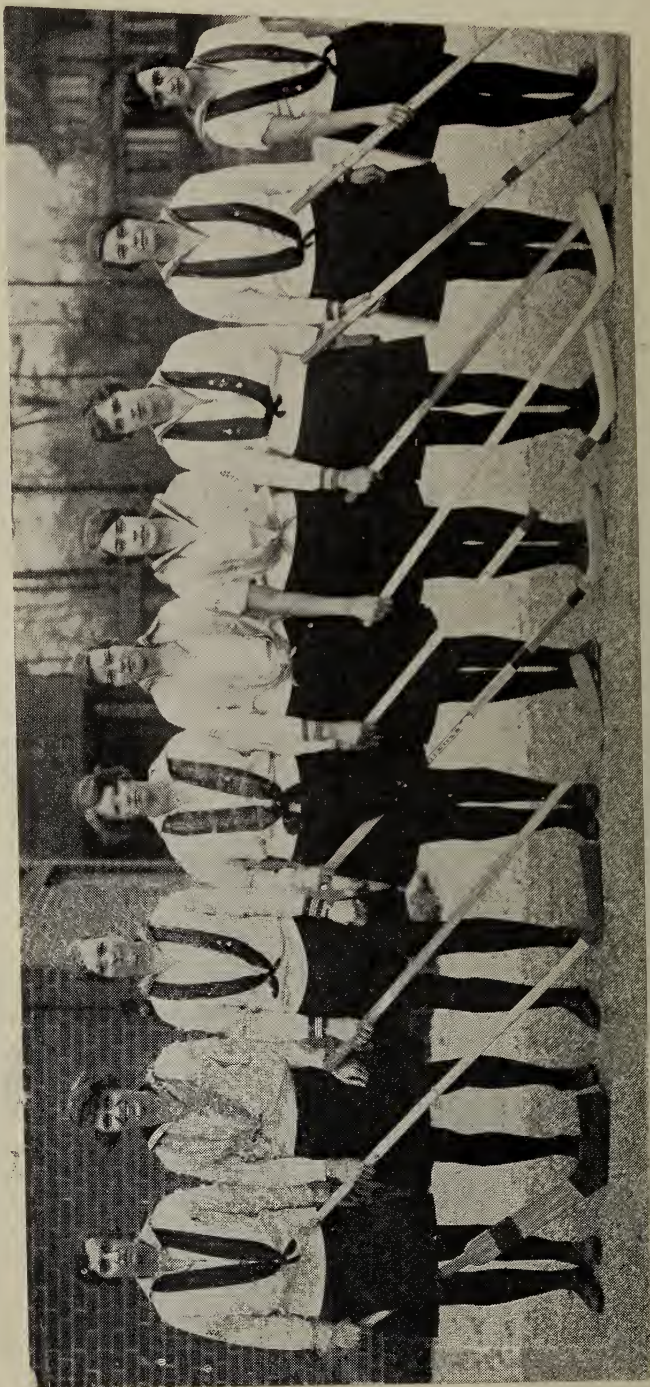
The meetings are not all taken up with work. There are always some games, or work being done for one of the badges. The company also goes on hikes, which are popular with

every member. The last one was held on the Friday before school opened after Easter. It was very successful despite the inclement weather.

On Friday, March 8th, the parents were invited to come and see what is done at the meetings. Mrs. Winnett, our District Commissioner, very kindly visited the company that day. About a month later, several Guides from the 24th, together with Guides from other companies, ushered at a meeting of the League of Nations Society in Convocation Hall. The society is trying to form Scout troops and Guide companies in the rural districts.

The company is not yet so large that there is no room for new members, and it is hoped that next season a larger number of Branksome girls will be enrolled.

MOLLY SCLATER.



HOCKEY TEAM.

*From Left to Right:—E. Burruss, B. Goulding, M. Henderson, M. Withers, N. Eaton, K. McGee, R. Hamilton, M. Eaton, E. Sanderson.*

## Hockey

Branksome has enjoyed a most successful hockey year, although we did not play as many games as the winter before.

We had excellent opportunities to practice, as we played on the artificial ice at Varsity Arena twice a week from November until March. Not only the hockey players but the skaters as well thoroughly enjoyed this privilege. It

is very convenient to have regular practice hours without being obliged to consult the weather and we all appreciated the fact very much.

Branksome again won all its games. We played Bishop Strachan, Havergal, Bishop Bethune and the Margaret Eaton School. We scored 21 goals and had two scored against us, and so another hockey season has drawn to a close.

BABS GOULDING.



M. EATON, S. GRAVES,  
*Winners of the Badminton Doubles.*

## The Hockey Team

Babs Goulding (Captain) centre.  
 Kay McGee—Left wing.  
 Margaret Henderson—Right wing.  
 Margaret Eaton—Left defence.  
 Margaret Withers—Right defence.  
 Elizabeth Burruss—Goal.

### Alternates—

Nora Eaton.  
 Ruth Hamilton.  
 Elizabeth Saunderson.

The hockey enthusiasts were very pleased to have Babs back again this year. What would our score have been without her? And as for stopping the

puck "Burruss" proved to us that she is not always late. Margaret Eaton and Saunderson added to the feeling of the game by frequent falls, but when it came to rebounds Kay McGee was always there.

This year the team as a whole was the best we have ever had, and by the end of the season the shooting had greatly improved, although our passing was still weak.

We only hope that the hockey next year will prove as successful as it has for the last two years.

M. HENDERSON.

## October

The birds are a' flying to South, dear,  
 Up high they're right over my head,  
 The woods are a rainbow of hues here,  
 In yellow, brown, and flaming red.

The clear air has now got a tang, dear,  
 The skies such a bright lovely blue,  
 The pines, your own pines, they are  
 sighin',  
 For even they're mourin' for you.

The leaves are a' falling so soft, dear,  
 The ground's layered with fragrant  
 pine cone,  
 The old trails are calling and coaxing  
 But, I cannot go on alone.

The wind's rustling on thro' the tree  
 boughs,

Jock's scampering on there ahead,  
 But only my voice has a ring now,—  
 My heart's like a thing made of lead.

Oh, they said that I'd soon forget you,  
 And would miss your laughter gay;  
 Forget! Well I still am rememberin'  
 And its years since you went away.

The sun's low adown in the west, dear,  
 The brook sings some peaceful old  
 lay,

And just for the moment I'm happy,  
 With dreams of sweet yesterday.

ORA M. FORSTER.



## The Y.W.C.A.

At Branksome there is always great interest shown in the activities of the Y.W.C.A. The girls came back after the long summer holiday with new ideas and fresh plans for the coming year.

Early in the autumn term we held our first meeting in order to elect the officers. The result was as follows:—

President—Margaret Withers.

Vice-Pres.—Dorothy Knowlton.

Secretary—Elizabeth Saunderson.

Treasurer—Ruth Hamilton.

Committee—Ruth Knowlton, Katherine Boyd.

An outstanding part of the work of the Y.W.C.A. is the annual collection of money for the Ramabai Mission in India. In order to raise money for the fund the boarders agreed to have a self-denial week during which simpler meals were served. The sum realized in this way was considerable. Hot dogs were sold on several occasions and a further sum was raised by the entertainment provided on Friday evening, November 2nd, by Mr. McGaw, a conjurer of no mean ability. No Friday night performance during the year has afforded us greater pleasure than that provided by Mr. McGaw, and we appreciated his kindness in coming to us.

The Y.W.C.A. takes an interest in sending well-packed boxes to poor families in Northern Ontario at Christmas time. Two large boxes were filled to overflowing by our committee, with donations from all the girls of the school, and letters received from the recipients show how much our work was appreciated and how worth while this work is.

Through the Lent collections we were able to obtain the money necessary to support a teacher in a mission in India and to look after an orphan girl. In addition to this we keep up our "Branksome Hall" bed at the Ludhiana

Mission, and this year we hope to have enough money left over to make a substantial contribution to the Toronto Fresh Air Fund.

On the evening of September 28th a large number assembled to watch the events of our annual swimming meet. We are proud of the interest taken in swimming at Branksome and the skill exhibited by some of our students. We realize that, besides affording much pleasure, the pool is a valuable asset to the school in training the girls to take part in contests of this kind.

Unfortunately Poppy Day this year came in the midst of "Ramabai Week" and we were forced to postpone the sales of poppies until a later date. When it was held there was no difficulty in disposing of the poppies and a considerable amount of money was handed over to the authorities of the Poppy Day Fund.

In view of all this we feel that we have had a very successful year and are confident that the future for this society is bright.

ELISABETH SAUNDERSON,

Secretary.

### Treasurer's Report, Y.W.C.A.

#### Receipts:

|                          |          |
|--------------------------|----------|
| Collections .....        | \$329.10 |
| Sales .....              | 62.70    |
| Lenten collections ..... | 102.00   |
| Total .....              | \$493.80 |

#### Expenditures:

|                                 |          |
|---------------------------------|----------|
| Ramabai .....                   | \$250.00 |
| Avantika Indian Orphan .....    | 50.00    |
| Lakshmihai Indian Teacher ..... | 25.00    |
| Poppy Day Fund .....            | 25.00    |
| Branksome Bed Ludhiana....      | 50.00    |
| Fresh Air Fund .....            | 25.00    |
| Blind Tag Day .....             | 10.00    |
| Expenses .....                  | 47.45    |

|                    |          |
|--------------------|----------|
| — Total .....      | \$482.45 |
| Cash on hand ..... | \$ 11.35 |

RUTH HAMILTON, Treasurer.

## "The Branksome Dance"

On the night of February the ninth the halls of Branksome were once more gay with the sound of happy laughter of both boys and girls. The gymnasium was decorated with many coloured balloons, which hung from every possible place.

Dresses of all colours, adding gaiety to the party, were to be seen on the dance floor.

Miss Read received over two hundred guests. The patrons who honoured the occasion were as follows: Mr. and

Mrs. C. A. Withers, Mr. and Mrs. R. Y. Eaton, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Sutherland.

After twelve dances, supper was served in the dining-room. The various school yells were then given by the boys and girls.

The dance was the largest that has yet been held at Branksome and was a great success.

V. TAPLEY.



HOUSE AND DAY SENIORS.

Bottom Row: M. McLean, D. MacLeod, G. Gray, R. Knowlton, K. McGee.

2nd Row: R. Rutherford, N. Eaton, M. McFarland, D. Knowlton.

3rd Row: B. Goulding, H. McLennan, E. Tweddell.

4th Row: B. Reed, K. Boyd.

## The Beta Kappa

The first meeting of the Beta Kappa for the year 1928-29 was held in the Assembly Hall, Wednesday, the third of October, for the purpose of electing the officers. The result of the voting was as follows:—

Honorary President—Miss Read.

President—Elizabeth Burruss.

Vice-President—Nancy Wilson.

Secretary-Treasurer—Helen Richardson.

Convener of Debating—Margaret Eaton.

Convener of Music—Helen Pidgeon.

On October the 12th an interesting debate took place: Resolved, that Canadian History is a better subject than British History for the Junior Matriculation in Canada. Since Canadian History has been added to the curriculum, this is a most important question for Canadian students. The arguments on both sides were well presented, and the judges had a difficult task, but finally awarded the decision to the affirmative side.

The new girls entertained us on October 19th. Their skits were very original and won a great deal of applause. The interpretation of Drummond's "The Wreck of the Julie Plante" was especially amusing.

The annual masquerade was held on the 26th of October, and was a decided success. The girls had gone to a great deal of trouble over their costumes, and they were both beautiful and original. But we must admit that the staff quite outdid us with their "Santa Claus parade", which was quite the cleverest thing they have ever put on.

Ice cream and cake was served later in the dining-room, when Miss Read awarded the prize for the most original costume to Margaret Henderson, and the one for the prettiest to Shirley Graves, bringing to a close a most successful evening.

On November the 14th the Fifth Form presented "The Rivals", a humorous, amusing play, by Sheridan, with a somewhat complicated situation. The acting was splendid, and the old-fashioned costumes and powdered hair added a great deal to the charm of the play.

"Come out of the Kitchen", a clever play by Fourth Form, was notable for its "scenery." A stove made from cardboard boxes, and a very realistic sink, produced gasps of amazement from the audience, and the performance was indeed a credit to the Form.

The Intermediate Form presented the "Rose and the Ring" on February 8th. It is a fairy story by Thackeray. Every girl in the Form took part, and the play was remarkable for the clear way in which all the girls pronounced their lines. This is the first year that the Intermediates have put on a play before the Senior School, and it was a great success.

The oratorical contest, which was held after the annual dinner on February 12th, was unusually interesting this year, and was attended by a large audience. We were also very fortunate in having present Mr. and Mrs. McLeod, who are donating the prizes. In the Senior School the award went to Mary McLean. Her subject was "The Unification of Canada." The girls in the Junior School who were taking part were in costume to represent the different nationalities found in Canada, and Mary Gooderham, in a fascinating Chinese costume, succeeded in carrying off the honors.

"The Happy Day" was the title of the Fourth Special's play this year. It was an amusing account of a girl who was engaged to be married, but who got into so many difficulties with relations, dressmakers and reporters that she finally ended by eloping. It was altogether a most successful play.

Two very clever plays were put on by the Second Form on March the 15th under Miss Elliott's expert guidance. The titles were "Two Turtle Doves" and "Two Crooks and a Lady", and all the parts were exceedingly well chosen.

"Green Stockings", presented by the Third Form, was one of the best plays of the year. It was rather long, and there was a large cast, but the girls were equal to the task and gave a very creditable and lively performance.

The play given by the First Form entitled "The Knave of Hearts", was an

original interpretation of the well-known nursery rhyme, which the school thoroughly enjoyed.

The above is a resume of the society's activities until the Easter holidays. The Beta Kappa has had a very successful year, and we have discovered considerable talent among the girls. The school has also shown much enthusiasm over our Friday night entertainments and we are very pleased with our year's work.

H. RICHARDSON.



## Gifts to the School—1928-1929

Alumnae Association—One \$1,000 bond for Scholarship Fund.

One \$500 bond for Scholarship Fund.

Prize for English, Form V.

Jean McMichael, '11 — Prize for Poetry.

Mary Hendrie Cumming, '21—Prize for Loyalty.

Elizabeth Scott, '22 — Prize for French.

Mary Barker, '23—Prize for Swimming.

Lenore Gooderham, '24—Prize for Swimming.

Eleanor Ross, '24—Prize for Science.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Stanbury, Prize for English, Form IV.

Mrs. C. R. Lorway, Prize for Sports.

Miss Mary G. Hamilton, Cup for Sportsmanship.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McLeod, Prizes for Oratory.

Dora Olive Thompson, Book for Library.

## Exchanges

"B.C.S." Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Que.:

Enough cannot be said in praise of your magazine. The great variety of your material makes it very interesting.

"The Vulcan." Central Technical School, Toronto:

Excellent reading material, in fact one of our best exchanges. Your drawings are exceptionally good.

"The Beaver Log." Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's School:

Another new interesting exchange. We liked your well-arranged magazine very much and hope to hear more from you.

"The Salt Shaker." Nutana Collegiate Institute, Saskatoon.

Your "Salt Shaker" is very good, but may we suggest some drawings?

Bishop Strachan School Magazine, Toronto:

Some drawings and jokes would brighten your magazine.

Lower Canada College Magazine:

A new exchange. A good number but it is lacking in poetry.

"The Magnet." Jarvis Collegiate Institute, Toronto:

A well-arranged magazine. Some drawings, other than those in the joke column, would improve it.

"The Hermes." Humberstone Collegiate, Toronto:

A very good magazine. Your poetry is to be commended, but we suggest some more drawings.

"The Teck. Flash." Nova Scotia Technnical College:

Very good. Not being of the stronger sex, I am afraid I cannot wholly appreciate your magazine. Your drawings, though few, are original and amusing.

Saint Andrew's College Review, Aurora:

As usual, very good. However, more poems and short stories would make it more interesting.

"The College Times," Upper Canada College, Toronto:

More jokes would liven up your magazine.

"Lux Glebana," Glebe Collegiate, Ottawa:

A good magazine, which could be improved by confining the advertisements to one section.

ELIZABETH BURRUSS.



## Marie and the Fairies

Marie awoke early one bright sunny morning, and rubbing her eyes she sat up in bed. The sun was just rising. It was such a beautiful morning that she could hardly wait to get outside, so she dressed quickly and quietly slipped downstairs and out into the garden. The birds were twittering. The grass and flowers were covered with dew, everything was fresh and beautiful. As she walked about the garden she looked at the flowers. When she came to a group of Canterbury bells she looked into one of them which seemed to be moving. And there was a fairy fluttering about in the flower.

"Whatever is the matter?" said Marie.

"Oh, Marie!" said a voice, "a bad crow was chasing me and took a peck at my wing. I just managed to get into this flower, and when I tried to get out I could not. Marie, would you do me a favour?"

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Marie, "I would love to."

"Well then," said the fairy, "please lift me out of this flower."

Mary put her hand in gently and drew the fairy out.

"Oh, thank you Marie," said the fairy. "I hadn't enough strength to get out myself. I think that I shall be able to fly now."

"Are you sure that your wing does not hurt now?"

"Oh, no," said the fairy. "And for helping me I will reward you. At twelve

o'clock to-night look out of your window and see what will happen." Then she flew away. Marie looked in all the other flowers to see if there might be some other fairies in them. But to her great disappointment there were none. Marie was so interested she quite forgot about the time. Then she heard her mother call her.

"Marie, where are you?"

"Here I am, mother," said Marie. Marie was so excited about what was going to happen at night she could hardly eat her meals. When night came she stayed awake until she heard the clock strike twelve. Then she ran to the window, and what do you think she saw?—fairies dancing, coming in and out of the flowers. They were all of different colors, green, white, pink and blue, and the most beautiful of all was the fairy queen, who was all dressed in silver with a silver crown on her head. Marie was amazed to see that the queen was the fairy she had helped out of the flower that morning.

NANCY STIRRETT.

Age 10.

## Flowers

Daisies fair are blooming bright,  
Roses too, do deck the light,  
But when day comes to a close,  
Each little flower always knows,  
Enough to close right up tight,  
And be all ready for the night.

MURIEL ARMSTRONG.

Age 12.

## Adventure of a Twenty-Five Cent Piece

Shortly after I was born in Northern Canada in the year 1889, I was put in a box with many other bright, new twenty-five cent pieces like myself.

One day the man who took care of me came to the box, took some of my friends and myself, and gave us to a well-dressed gentleman. The man walked towards the door putting his money in his pocket as he went. He looked at me, smiled, and said, "Oh, here is a lovely new quarter! I'll give it to my daughter when I get home for she loves nice, new, shiny money."

When the man got home he took me out of his pocket and gave me to a little girl about six years old. The little girl put me in a purse of her own where I stayed for quite a while. One day she took me out and went with her mother to town. They went into a doll's hospital and the little girl bought a new head for her doll and paid for it by giving me to the lady from whom she bought it.

I was kept in a drawer until some months later the delivery boy got his pay, and I was given to him. The boy kept me for about a year and then gave me to his cousin, saying, "Take care of this, Billy, for I've had it a long time."

But Billie was young and he did not heed what his cousin said. One day he took me out of his pocket and began to roll me along the sidewalk. Suddenly, I was accidentally kicked by a man walking along the street and I went down into the drain.

I do not know how long I was down in that dirty drain but it must have been a good many years for I was no more shiny and bright, but dull, dirty, and scratched. I was not found until one day the drain was cleaned. The man who found me, took me to a store where he bought a meal with me. The man who owned the store said I was too old and he did not want to take me, but at last he consented. He put me in a

drawer with a lot of other money until one day I was given to a man for change.

The man took me to his home, examined me, and said, "This coin is pretty old and I guess in time will be kept as a very old coin, some people are saving. That reminds me," he said, "that my friend Mr. Randolph, is saving old money, I'll give this twenty-five cent piece to him."

The next day the man took me to a very large stone house and showed me to another man, who seemed delighted and thanked his friend heartily. This new gentleman looked me over carefully, admired me, and then put me in a box with many other old coins. And nearly every time anybody would come in he would show us to them saying, "This is my collection of old coins." I was in this man's pocket for a good many years, when one day a man came, talked with Mr. Randolph, looked us all over, and said, "Mr. Randolph these coins are very old, just the kind we want for our display, and if you'll agree upon a price, I'll buy them from you," Mr. Randolph consented and again I had a new owner, but this time I was put in a big case with many other coins, and every day there are different people who come and look at us and talk about us. So you see I am quite popular in spite of my age.

I have been in this case a good while and expect I'll be in a good many years longer.

BETTY WILLIAMSON, Age 12.





### The Robin

I saw a robin on a tree,  
Singing merrily to me;  
A group of noisy children came,  
The robin sang on just the same.

He sang a song of cheery note,  
Which warbled from his little throat,  
He sang for sun and sang for rain,  
To ripen up the fields of grain.

ISABEL CLARK,  
Age 13.

### Spring

When Spring is here the children know,  
The crocuses begin to grow,  
They poke their heads above the ground,  
And all begin to look around.

When Spring is here the birds do sing,  
Sweetest songs above us ring,  
They perch upon the budding trees,  
Their feathers blowing in the breeze.

ESME PATTISON,  
Age 13.

### The Kittens

Once upon a time there were three cats,  
a mother cat and two little ones. One  
day they heard a noise down stairs, they  
went down and what do you think!  
Under a piece of paper what do think  
they saw? A mouse! Upon the table  
the books were scattered all around. The  
paper was on the floor. The kittens  
were frightened. The mouse thought  
he was hidden, but his tail was still out.  
The mother soon pounced on it, and  
the two little kittens had something  
nice for dinner.

BEATRICE BULLEN,  
Age 8.

### The Poet

Each year we're asked to send a verse  
To help fill Slogan's pages,  
Sometimes they're good and sometimes  
worse,  
Than we have read for ages.

So, if you think I'm going to try,  
To make myself a poet,  
I'll ease your mind and loudly cry,  
"No ma'am, not if I know it."

MARION LUMBERS.  
Age 12.



### The Breeze

While I was walking thro' the woods,  
On one spring day in May,  
A little breeze went gaily by,  
And called me on to play.

It spoke to me the same sweet words,  
That often you do hear,  
"Come on to play! Come on to play!  
For you have naught to fear.

BILLIE EATON,  
Age 11.

### Spring

Winter slowly has passed on his way,  
Bringing us spring so cheerful and  
gay,

Song bird is coming to build its new nest  
Up in the tree—just wakening from  
rest.

Murmuring brook softly rippling along,  
Tells us the white snow is melted and  
gone,

Soon shall we see, rising gently from  
Earth,

Flowers in our garden—All spring  
laughs with mirth.

JANE LUMBERS.



### A Disturbed Night

The moon was dull,  
The night was black  
And all of a sudden  
My blind went flap!

The moon was dull,  
The night was dark,  
And all of a sudden  
I heard a bark.

The moon was new,  
The night was bright  
And all of a sudden  
I saw a light.

I woke in the morning,  
Early and bright  
And said to myself,  
"Oh! What a night!"

VIRGINIA COPPING,  
Age 11.

### The Friends

I know a little brownie,  
Who lives in our house,  
He has a little friend,  
Who is a little mouse.

One nice summer day,  
The friends went out to play,  
Along came a cat  
And they both ran away.

Another little brownie,  
Was playing in the sun,  
Along came a fairy  
And they both had fun.

BARBARA BAIRD,  
Age 8.

## How to Get a Return

One of the best punishments at Branksome, is a "return". To those who have never had the good fortune to get a "return," I shall try to explain the easiest way to get one. Of course, different plans must be used with different teachers. Sad though it may seem, there are some teachers who refuse to give "returns."

When entering the room in the morning, always loiter on the way to your seat, not forgetting to speak to at least six out of seven girls you pass in your row. Sit down slowly and sing a little tune while the teacher is trying to obtain silence. If, by this time, you have not succeeded, the next period may bring success.

Walk into the next room and throw your books on the desk, making a loud noise with the heels of your shoes, while strolling down the aisle. When there is perfect silence in the room, drop your geometry set on the floor, and then sneeze very loudly. This *must* work, but if the age of miracles is really past, change schools immediately and repeat the same performance.

HELEN SHEPPARD, Age 13.

## A Winter Scene

It was a cold day in January and the little wood looked lovely in the coating of snow it had received the night before, while the tall trees were bowed down in their heavy burden of snow. The sun was shining brightly and the sky was a beautiful blue, with a few white clouds moving slowly along, but this did not make it any warmer as the air was very cold. Through the trees you could see a big hill with people sleighing and skiing down it. The winding path of a deer could be seen in among the trees and the footprints of a rabbit that had just gone by. The little brook that ran freely in the summer was now completely covered with ice. A little log-cabin was seen where the trees had been cut away, and it made a pretty sight with smoke curling from its chimney.

PEGGY McCORDICK,  
Age 12.

## Spring

The Pussy-Willow soft and gray,  
Woke up in April one sunny day,  
The birds were singing, the grass was  
green,  
And everywhere the flowers were seen.

The Crocus yellow, purple and white,  
The toadstools springing up by night,  
The brooks were running down the hills,  
And the birds were sharpening their  
bills.

The trees were waving in the breeze,  
People were kneeling on their knees  
Planting pansies and rosy stocks,  
In their gardens and by their walks.

JANE ALLAN,  
Age 13.

## The Baby Moses

### A Play

#### Scene I

A dark gloomy room with two small windows. In one corner of the room sits a woman sewing. Beside her is a cradle with a baby in it. In rushes, Miriam, her daughter.

*Miriam*—Oh! Mother, I saw the Egyptian soldiers who killed the baby boys away down there, (she points to the place), and they are coming this way. Oh! What can we do? We shall have to hide him, but they will be sure to look every where and find him. (Mother looks at the baby with tearful eyes) (pause).

*Mother*—Could we not build a small boat with a lid to it, and let it float down the river. Then when the princess goes down to bathe, she might have pity on him and ask the king to spare his life?

*Miriam*—Oh! that is a good idea, I do hope it will turn out that way.

*Mother*—So do I, but I doubt it. You could watch him from the shore, and see that nothing happens to him.

*Miriam*—Shall I get some wood to build a boat mother?

*Mother*—Yes, and I will come too.

(They run out of the house and soon come back with a box and wood. They hurriedly build a small ark).

*Miriam*—Here are the bed clothes, Mother.

(They put them in, and then place baby comfortably in the ark. They then run out with the ark).

(Curtain)

#### Scene II

(Miriam hides behind a bush by the river. She watches the ark drift slowly towards the place where the princess comes to bathe. The princess comes followed by her servants).

*Princess speaking to one of the maids*—Oh! look, what is that out there float-

ing down the river? Please go and get it.

*Servant*—Yes, your Highness.

(Maids go out and bring back ark).

*Princess*—Oh! open the lid, do; and see what is in it.

(Maids remove lid).

*Princess*—It is a little baby, it must be one of the Hebrew's children. Oh! he is so sweet. I do think I will keep him. It is such a great shame to kill him, and I am sure Father won't mind. (Meanwhile Miriam comes out of her hiding place, and pretends to be taking a walk. She walks very slowly until the princess notices her. Then Miriam runs up to Pharaoh's daughter).

*Miriam*—Would you like me to get a nurse who would be good to him?

*Princess*—Why just the thing! Could you please?

*Miriam*—Yes, I will be back soon with one.

(After the Princess had bathed and dressed, Miriam returns with baby's mother).

*Miriam*—Here is the nurse I was talking about.

*Princess*—Thank you. Would you like to look after this baby for me in your home?

*Mother*—Why, I would love to!

*Princess*—And promise to give him the greatest care?

*Mother*—Of course I will, your Highness.

*Princess*—Then I will entrust him to your care, and see you are well paid.

*Mother*—Thank you very much your Highness, I live in that little house over there (Points to house).

*Princess*—And I would like him to be called Moses as he was drawn out of the water.

(Curtain)

MARY KINGSMILL,

Age 12.



## A Newspaper Reporter Helps His Daughter With Her History Notes

As he wrote them down for her:—  
YOUNG JEWISH CHARIOTEER  
WINS BY-A-NOSE!

Gainst 10 to 1 stakes Ben Heek captures  
Laurel wreath at big Chariot meet.  
LOVE TANGLE IN HIGH CIRCLES:

Henry VIII orders execution of wife.  
BIG POISON CASE AT FLORENCE.

Beautiful defendant Lucrezia Borgia  
sobs on stand under gruelling question-  
ings.

### HORRIBLE ATROCITY AT RHEIMS!

Joan of Arc burned at stake by  
English.

BIG ICE-JAM ON THE DELAWARE!

General Washington foils Frost King.

### GENERAL BOOSTS PUBLIC SCHOOLS!

Wellington says Waterloo won on  
playing fields of Eton.

ELIZA WINS BIG RACE OVER ICE!

Blood hounds also ran.

### Wm. GILLETTE PERFECTS GUILLOTINE!

Razor blade manufacturer wins re-  
cognition of French Government. In-  
vention produces stir in revolutionary  
circles.

B. F.

---

Boy: "Once I met a girl and she  
made a fool of me."

Girl: "What a lasting impression  
some girls make."

---

M.H.: (to waiter) "French chocolate.  
please"

Waiter: (innocently) "Sundae?"

M. H.: "No now."

---

Betty: "Run up that blind, Peggy."

Peg.: "You try it first."

---

Joyce T.: "Helen you are far too  
conceited about your beauty."

Helen: "Why I'm not; I don't think  
I'm half as good-looking as I really am."

## A "Country" Conversation

Waiter—"Are you "Hungary?"

Customer—"Yes, "Siam."

Waiter—"Then "Russia" to a table and I'll "Figi."

Customer—"Got any "Chili" Sauce?"

Waiter—"Yes sur, but get these "India" and then I'll get you "Samoa".

Customer—"Are those your famous "Wales" over there?"

Waiter—"Yes sir, would you like some "Iceland" mints to feed them?"

Customer—"No thanks, but have you got some "Turkey" with lots of "Greece" on it?"

Waiter—"Yes sir, would you like me to "Serbia" it on "China?"

Waiter—"Yes, please, and you can "Sweden" my coffee, "Denmark" my bill."

Waiter—"Yes, sir, but wait a minute, I'll get a "Poland" help you up the hill."

Customer—"All right, I'll walk up the "Holland" ring the "Belgium," when I come back."

ELIZABETH SHEPPARD,

Form I.

Miss R.: "Only one girl got full marks."

Peggy M.—"Hurrah, I win again."

Que.—What rectangular surface is most worked on?

Ans.—A mirror.

J. H.: "I thought you weren't coming in boarding after Easter Burruss."

Babs: "Love will find a way."

Dad: "Your behind in your studies."

Daughter: "Well how could I pursue them if I weren't?"

*Geography*

Among the animals of Asia is listed "the plateau of Tibet."

"An animal of South America is the Aunt Eater which is a very queer animal and eats aunts."

*Borrowed From Exchanges*

General Armond (speaking of the dangers of Air-Corps):

"The percentage of accidents is greater among those who go canoeing than among those who take up "Aviation."

Joe: "Yes, but you don't make love in an aeroplane."

Teacher (to pupil who is late once more): "What is the meaning of this?"

Pupil: "I'm very sorry, but the alarm clock went off when I was still asleep."

New Girl: "Where does this hall go to?"

Old Girl: "I don't know, it's here every morning when I come."

Polite Pupil: (Who cannot see the blackboard): Will you kindly remove your head Miss R—?

Miss S.: "Who's the person missing in the third line?"

Joyce T.: "I am, Miss S."

Miss S. (to Morris dancing class, half of which were supposed to begin left foot, the others right): "Now begin, all of you, each with your own foot."

Que.—Who threw the food in the tank one night?

Ans.—A couple of cake walkers it seems.

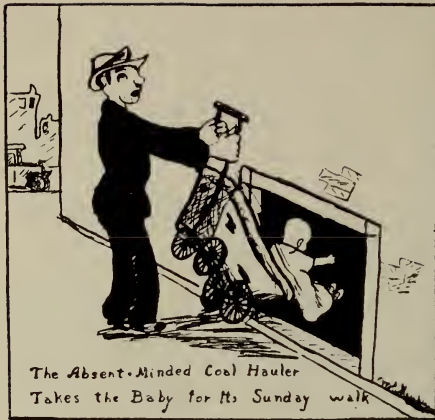
Crush I: "My girl is divine."

Crush II: "Your girl may be divine, but mine is the berries."

In composition we learn that the inmates of a Leper Home are called "leopards."

Que.—Why are all the juniors attracted by red ties?

Ans.—All youth is flaming.



### History Jokes

"Latimer was an arable man."

"Mary came to the thrown."

"Doctrine means to look after someone when they are sick."

"Antagonist is a druggist."

"Unprincipled means without a principal."

### French House

In the morning here, we say,  
Complete mademoiselle, s'il vous plait.  
Then at breakfast table too,  
Bonjour mademoiselle, salut a vous.  
After lunch we have a list  
A la rue yonge, or jouer au tennis.  
When we go out looking gloomy and  
sad,  
Je vais faire une promenade.  
Running to English house during the  
day,  
Puis-je aller a la maison Anglaise?  
In the evening requests there are,  
Puis-je avoir un bain ce soir?  
Then at last no light we see,  
Faites de bons rêves mes enfants, bonne  
nuit!

HELEN McLENNAN.

Joan S. (to Miss S.): "If the cork had never been taken out of a bottle of olives, could they possibly be de-mented?"

Miss P.: "Mildred why do I mention the date of 1793 particularly?"

Mildred (innocently): "Wasn't that the end of the war of 1812?"

Old lady to policeman: "If I step on the car-track will I get a shock?"

Policeman: "No ma'm, not unless you put your other leg up on the trolley wire!"

M. H. (whose train is delayed by spring floods sends home the following wire). "Wash out on line—Here for the night."

Gwynneth (to M. H.): "Why don't you use invincible hairpins?"

Muriel H.: "Is it true that the sheep is the dumbest of all animals?"

Nell N.: "Yes, my little lamb."

Que.—Has the English of Branksome improved?

Ans.—I dunno.





## Sweet Fifteen

*(An Actual Occurrence)*

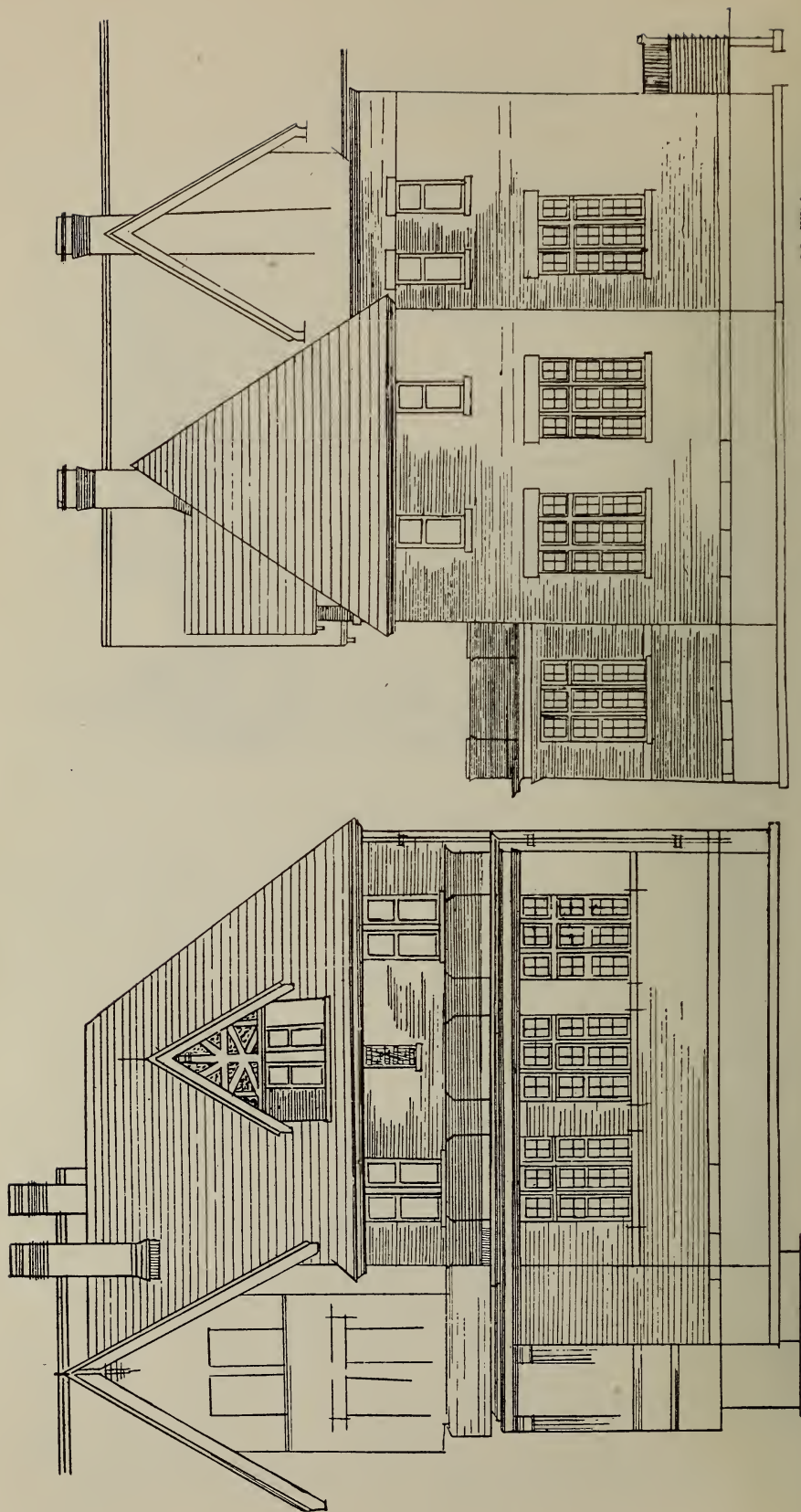
I am sure that we all realize that we are no longer living in the middle ages and that in the twentieth century many things occur, that even thirty years ago would have been considered unusual (to say the least), but which in these modern times seem quite natural. A report reached us the other day of what we consider a rather unique experience and one which should prove of especial interest to all of us inasmuch as the leading role in it was played by one of our own girls.

At the corner of Bloor and Yonge Streets an important place in the busy life of that inter-section is held, as perhaps you know, by a small store over which are inscribed the words, "Honey Dew." It was in this setting on a certain Saturday afternoon that the following drama was enacted.

A young maiden (fifteen years of age to be exact) entered the portals of the

above-mentioned store, in company with several friends, to partake of its refreshment. The small party was soon engrossed in the delights of crisp toasted sandwiches and cool refreshing drinks. In the midst of the noisy chatter which is never lacking on occasions of this kind, our young heroine chanced to turn her head and suddenly her eyes became glued on an object at her feet. This object was no more or less than a youth of perhaps eighteen summers, who to her utter consternation (so it is said) was kneeling suppliant before her. Strengthened in his resolution, no doubt, by having gained her attention even if not her encouragement, he incidentally and without preface begged her hand in marriage. His exact words ardent if a trifle terse being, "Darling, will you marry me?" On being rejected in no uncertain terms or manner he quickly regained an upright position

(Continued on page 60.)



ADDITION TO MAIN BUILDING NOW BEING ERECTED.

M. Withers

## The New Addition

At Easter the erection of a two-storey wing to the Main Building was begun. When completed, it will include a girls' common room, fifty by twenty-seven ft., with a fireplace and, on the second floor, a suite of three rooms, three double bedrooms and bath. The increased space afforded by the addition of the common-room will give ample space for recrea-

tion, and the former common room will be used as a library for House and Day girls.

From the point of view of both appearance and utility, this addition will, we believe, leave nothing to be desired. The accompanying cut shows the exterior of the building as it will appear when completed.

## Calendar

|       |           |                                     |      |             |                                     |
|-------|-----------|-------------------------------------|------|-------------|-------------------------------------|
| Sept. | 13th.     | School re-opened.                   | Jan. | 25th.       | Hockey, S.A.C. vs. U.C.C.           |
| "     | 14th.     | Indoor Sports.                      | "    | 26th.       | Basketball, Whitby vs. B.H.         |
| "     | 21st.     | Initiation.                         | "    | 29th.       | Hockey, B.H. vs. H.L.C.             |
| "     | 28th.     | Swimming Meet.                      |      |             |                                     |
| Oct.  | 5th.      | Basketball, Old Girls vs. Present.  | Feb. | 1st-3rd.    | Week-end.                           |
| "     | 6th.      | Basketball, B.S.S. vs. B.H.         | "    | 5th.        | Hockey, B.H. vs. B.S.S., "Candida". |
| "     | 9th.      | Basketball, H.L.C. vs. B.H.         | "    | 8th.        | The Rose and the Ring.              |
| "     | 12th.     | Debate.                             | "    | 9th.        | The Dance.                          |
| "     | 19th.     | New Girls' Entertainment.           | "    | 13th.       | Sleighing-party.                    |
| "     | 23rd.     | Basketball, B.S.S. vs. B.H.         | "    | 14th.       | Hockey, B.H. vs. H.L.C.             |
| "     | 26th.     | Masquerade.                         | "    | 15th.       | Muskoka.                            |
| "     | 30th.     | Basketball, B.H. vs. H.L.C.         | "    | 20th.       | Mrs. Flower.                        |
| Nov.  | 2nd.      | Mr. McGaw, Conjuring.               | "    | 22nd.       | Dinner and Sr. Oratorical Contest.  |
| "     | 5th.      | Magistrate Jones.                   | "    | 28th.       | "Henry IV."                         |
| "     | 6th.      | Horowitz.                           |      |             |                                     |
| "     | 9th.      | Basketball, Glen Mawr vs. B.H.      | Mar. | 1st.-3rd.   | Week-end.                           |
| "     | 9th-13th. | Thanksgiving Week-end.              | "    | 6th.        | "Julius Caesar."                    |
| "     | 16th.     | "The Rivals."                       | "    | 8th.        | Jr. Oratorical Contest.             |
| "     | 20th.     | "La Argentina."                     | "    | 14th.       | Levitski.                           |
| "     | 23rd.     | Installation of Flags and Prefects. | "    | 15th.       | "Green Stockings."                  |
|       |           |                                     | "    | 19th.       | Art Gallery.                        |
|       |           |                                     | "    | 20th.       | Confirmation.                       |
|       |           |                                     | "    | 22nd.       | "Knave of Hearts."                  |
|       |           |                                     | "    | 27th.       | School Closed.                      |
| Dec.  | 1st.      | Basketball, B.H. vs. Whitby.        | Apr. | 9th.        | School Re-opened.                   |
| "     | 7th.      | "Come Out of the Kitchen."          | "    | 12th.       | "The Gondoliers."                   |
| "     | 19th.     | Carol Service.                      | May  | 3rd.        | P.T. Demonstration.                 |
|       |           |                                     | "    | 10th.       | Swimming Meet.                      |
|       |           |                                     | "    | 15th.       | Jr. Sports Day.                     |
| Jan.  | 10th.     | School re-opened.                   | "    | 23rd.-27th. | Week-end.                           |
| "     | 11th.     | Indoor Sports.                      | "    | 31st.       | Sr. Sports Day.                     |
| "     | 14th.     | Roland Hayes, "Faust."              |      |             |                                     |
| "     | 18th.     | Dance.                              | June | 10th.       | Alumnae Dinner.                     |
| "     | 22nd.     | Hockey, M.E.S. vs. B.H.             | "    | 11th.       | Picnic.                             |
|       |           |                                     | "    | 12th.       | Closing.                            |



## HOUSE AND DAY PREFECTS.

*Bottom Row: E. Saunderson, H. Pidgeon, H. Glennie.*

*Top Row: R. Hamilton, M. Eaton, E. Burruss, M. Withers, M. Henderson, H. Richardson, N. Wilson.*

## Junior School Prize List 1928-1929

Form I, General Proficiency—  
Beatrice Bullen.

Form II, General Proficiency—  
Martha Towl,  
Nancy Stirrett.

Form III, Jr., General Proficiency—  
Suzanne Sweatman,  
Jean Macdonald.

Form III, Sr., General Proficiency—  
Peggy McCordick,  
Betty Williamson.

Form IV, General Proficiency—  
Vivien Campbell,  
Helen Rooke.

Progress—  
Norah West.

Intermediate, General Proficiency—  
Margaret Lansdowne,  
Gwynneth Sinclair.

Progress—  
Elizabeth Sheppard.

- Sewing, Gift of Mrs. Walter Lumbers—  
 1. Margaret Davison.  
 2. Jane Segsworth.  
 3. Helen Rooke.

*Senior School.*

- Form I, General Proficiency—  
 Charlotte Abbott,  
 Ida May Groll,  
 Joyce Sweatman,  
 Winnifred Gibson.  
 Form II, General Proficiency—  
 Donalda Macleod,  
 Joan Knowlton,  
 Nora Eaton,  
 Mary McLean.  
 Form III, General Proficiency—  
 Margaret Eaton,  
 Ruth Knowlton.  
 Form IV, General Proficiency—  
 June Warren,  
 Nancy Wilson,  
 Elizabeth Burruss.  
 Special, English—  
 Mary Curran.  
 French, Gift of Elizabeth Scott—  
 Nancy Wilson.  
 Mathematics, Ethel Ames Coombs  
 Memorial—  
 Nancy Wilson.  
 English, Eleanor Stanbury Memorial—  
 June Warren.  
 Science—  
 Mary Stewart.  
 Languages—  
 June Warren.  
 Form V, History of Art—  
 Eleanor Ryan,  
 May Eyer.  
 Interior Decoration, Gift of Mrs.  
 Thos. Moss—  
 Frances Smith.

*Sports Prizes.*

- Senior Tennis Singles — Margaret  
 Withers.  
 Senior Tennis Doubles — Margaret  
 Withers and Isobel Pirie.  
 Junior Tennis Singles — Nancy  
 Spragge.  
 Junior Tennis Doubles—Carolyn  
 Gundy and Marion McLaren.  
 Badminton Singles (presented by  
 Margaret Henderson)—Constance Cram.  
 Senior Sports Championship (gift of  
 Mrs. Lorway)—Jean Goulding.  
 Intermediate Sports Championship—  
 Ruth Rutherford.  
 Junior Sports Championship—Eileen  
 Pepall, Margaret Doherty.

Primary Sports Championship—Mar-  
 garet Davison.

Senior Swimming Championship (gift  
 of Mary Barker)—Joyce Tedman.

Junior Swimming Championship  
 (gift of Lenore Gooderham)—Betty  
 Davison.

*House Prizes.*

- Integrity—Helen Simpson.  
 Perseverance—Grace Innes.  
 School Spirit—Elinor Stovel.  
 Comradeship—Constance Cram.  
 Service, (gift of Eleanor Ross)—  
 Margaret Henderson.  
 Sportmanship—Margaret Withers.  
 Loyalty (gift of Mary Hendrie Cum-  
 ming)—Isobel Pirie.

*Special Prizes.*

- Senior Cup for Oratory — Joan  
 Knowlton, Mary McLean.  
 Junior Cup for Oratory — Mary  
 Gooderham, Ruth Hindmarsh.  
 Art Work in Slogan—Margaret Hen-  
 derson.  
 Sportsmanship—Marion Gibson.  
 Courtesy—Peggy Galt.  
 Domestic Science Certificates—Mary  
 Curran, Jean Coram, Bessie Home,  
 Elizabeth Lewis, Vivian Lewis, Marion  
 Hopkinson, Norah Jordan, Frances  
 Smith, Elinor Stovel, Nannette Walker.

*Poetry (Gift of Jean McMichael).*

Betty Reed.

*Alumnae Prize for English.*

Nancy Wilson.

*Margaret T. Scott Memorial Prizes.*

- |                  |                      |
|------------------|----------------------|
| Vivian Lewis     | Elinor Stovel        |
| Edith Garbutt    | Charlotte Abbott     |
| Mary Roberts     | Margaret Hardy       |
| Norah Cherry     | Esther Mahood        |
| Dorothy Knowlton | Margaret Trott       |
| Grace Innes      | Helen Glennie        |
| Margaret Robb    | Constance Cram       |
| Joan Spiers      | Elisabeth Saunderson |
| Betty Sparks     |                      |
| Isabel Kastner   | Betty Evans.         |

Loyal Co-operation—Isobel Pirie and  
 Margaret Withers.

Medals, Ruth Caven Memorial Medal  
 (gift of Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Caven),  
 for Highest Standing in Form IV—June  
 Warren.

School Medal for Scholarship for  
 Highest Standing in Form V—Betty  
 Rutherford.



## "The Christmas Carols"

Every year the Branksome girls hold a Carol Service in the Rosedale Presbyterian Church. The service is held a few days before the school closes for the Christmas holidays, from five o'clock until six. This year the service was an especially interesting one. The school, led by the Prefects, in their red blazers, and carrying the new school flags, and followed by little Christine Pearse, bearing a beautiful silver Christmas star, walked slowly up the aisle, singing the Processional hymn, "Masters in the Hall", and took their places at the front of the church.

The carols that were chosen were very old, well-known ones, and the result of many hours of practice was very gratify-

ing. The Choral Class, under the direction of Mrs. Kennedy, sang a charming French carol, "D'ou viens-tu, bergere". The singing by the Junior School is particularly worthy of mention. Their clear, sweet voices filled the church, and reminded one of the old English custom, in which the children sang from door to door at Christmas time.

This service is always a very beautiful one, and the recitation of the Christmas story from St. Luke by the Junior School was a charming addition. The wish has been expressed many times that the Christmas Carols will continue to be a yearly service at Branksome.

HELEN RICHARDSON,

Form IV.

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## Sweet Fifteen

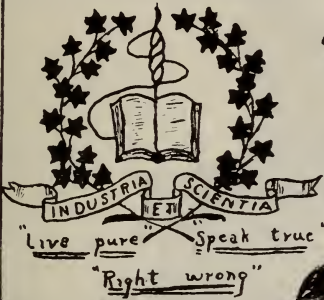
(Continued from page 55.)

and without more ado left the shop, casting not so much as a backward glance upon the lady of his choice.

Let us say in closing that we most earnestly hope this prompt refusal has not since been regretted by the giver and also that the wooer has, at least parti-

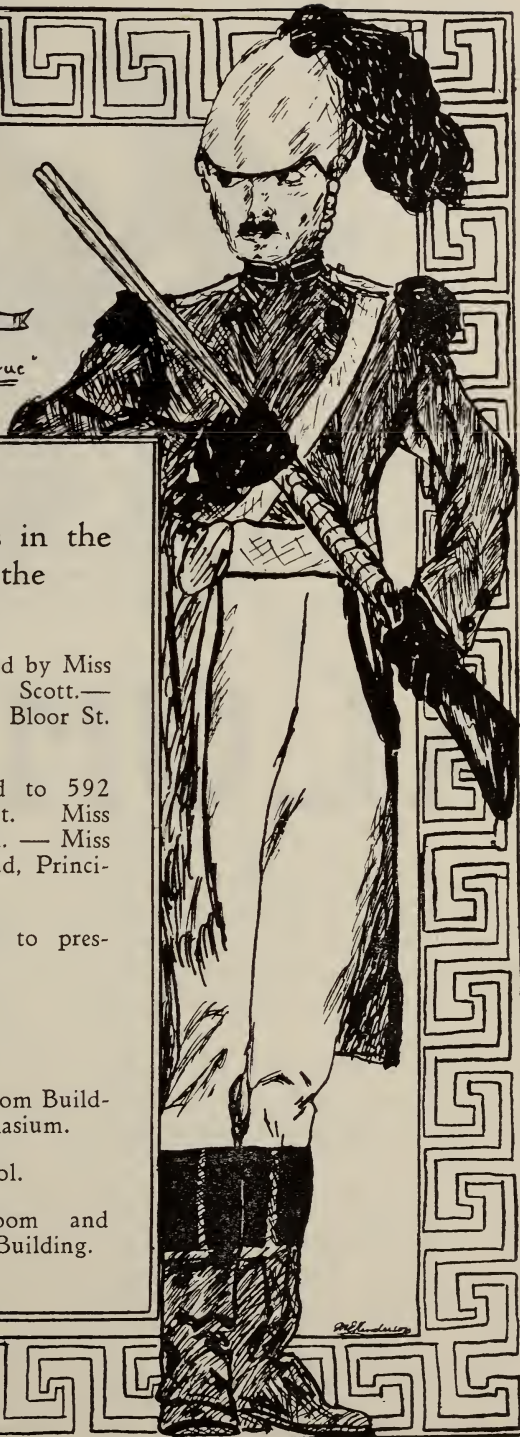
ally, recovered from the disappointment of his unrequited love. We think, however, that the latter is quite probable as we have since heard that he is now enrolled in that particular fraternity into which he was being initiated.

M. F. M.



### Important Dates in the History of the School

- 1903—School founded by Miss Margaret T. Scott.— Location 102 Bloor St. E.
- 1910—School moved to 592 Sherbourne St. Miss Scott resigned. — Miss Edith M. Read, Principal.
- 1912—School moved to present situation.
- 1917—French House.
- 1921—Scott House.
- 1924—New Class Room Building and Gymnasium.
- 1926—Swimming Pool.
- 1929—Common Room and Wing, Main Building.





One of the celebrations of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the School took the form of a dinner at which Miss Read entertained the Alumnae on June 2nd, 1928. Over two hundred were present.

A large birthday cake, with twenty-five candles was cut by Miss Read, at an appropriate moment while the girls sang "For She's a Jolly Good Fellow".

After the toast to the King, two others were proposed. "The School", by Aileene Marks, replied to by Miss Robinson, and "The Principal", proposed by Dora Thompson and replied to by Miss Read.

The annual business meeting was then held. The Secretary's report was read by Daisy Robertson Gall, and the Treasurer's by Helen Wright. Annabel Auld,

as Treasurer of the Building Fund, also read a report.

The following officers for the ensuing year were elected:

Hon. President, Miss Read; President, Helen Wright; 1st Vice-President, Catherine Hyde; 2nd Vice-President, Jessie Kelly; Treasurer, Katherine Anderson; Secretary, Elizabeth Holmes.

Committee: Jacqueline Sinclair Blackwell, Margaret Aitken, Helen Howard, Phyllis West, Helen Ballantyne Kemp, Kathleen Gallagher, Helen Spence, Betty Rutherford, Frances Playfair.

Annabel Auld continues to act as the Treasurer for the Building Fund.

During the evening a skit was presented—A day in the life of a Branksome girl to-day and twenty-five years ago. The difference between the morn-

ing walk and the morning run, the games played and the behaviour in class were in striking contrast!

An orchestra played during the dinner and for the dancing which followed.

\* \* \* \*

A very successful theatre night was held on October 22nd at the Royal Alexandra, the play being "Tolanthe", presented by the D'Oyly Carte Opera Co.

The Carol Service given by the present girls was held December 19th. To this the Alumnae were invited, and it was enjoyed by everyone present.

\* \* \* \*

Branksome Hall's Physical Training Demonstration on May 3rd was an unqualified success. It was held at the Varsity Arena, and Members of the Alumnae acted as ushers.

ELIZABETH HOLMES, '21.

### Alumnae Treasurer's Report

|                           |          |
|---------------------------|----------|
| Balance on hand .....     | \$ 31.08 |
| Fees, 1928-29 .....       | 108.00   |
| Fees, 1927-28 .....       | 12.00    |
| Interest on account ..... | 3.32     |
| Life members .....        | 140.00   |

Total ..... \$294.40

#### EXPENDITURES

|                       |          |
|-----------------------|----------|
| Expenses .....        | \$117.36 |
| Balance on hand ..... | 177.04   |

Total ..... \$294.40

KATHERINE ANDERSON, '23.

### Alumnae Building Fund Treasurer's Report

#### Receipts:

|                        |          |
|------------------------|----------|
| Balance on hand .....  | \$ 35.42 |
| Bank interest .....    | 7.37     |
| Interest on bonds..... | 216.00   |
| Theatre Night .....    | 1,440.68 |
| Life memberships ..... | 40.00    |

Expenditures: \$1,739.47

Purchase of Bonds.....\$1,500.00

Balance on hand .....\$ 239.47

A. AULD, '09.

### Life Members

Anderson, Katherine, '23.  
Auld, Annabel, '09.  
Auld, Christine, '27.  
Austin, Ruth Curry, '05.  
Barclay, Jean Fleck, '11.  
Barker, Mary, '23.  
Bertram, Mabel Richardson, '08.  
Bragg, Muriel Moore, '11.  
Calvert, Phyllis, '25.  
Campbell, Mary, '15.  
Cole, Bessie Storey, '11.  
Cole, Miss Freda.  
Coleman, Norma Whelan, '23.  
Coombs, Ethel Ames, '07 (obit July 3rd, 1927).  
Cumming, Mary Hendrie, '21.  
Davey, Mabel Russell, '06.  
Donald, Margaret, '26.  
de la Mothe, Muriel Gibson, '11.  
Gall, Muriel Robertson, '11.  
Gerow, Evelyn Mackay, '23.  
Gibson, Janet, '22.  
Gillespie, Inace Allen, '21.  
Glennie, Mary, '27.  
Gooderham, Lenore, '24.  
Goodeve, Winnifred Grey, '07.

Grant, Beverley, '25.  
Hall, Jean Nesbitt, '06.  
Hall, Mary Hanna, '07.  
Hargraft, Grace Ponton, '15.  
Heard, Margaret McQueen, '22.  
Hewitt, Edith, '15.  
Hollinrake, Phyllis, '20.  
Hyde, Catherine, '21.  
Kelly, Jessie, '27.  
Leak, Kathleen Gallagher, '21.  
Marks, Aileene, '13.  
McKay, Jean Ross, '06.  
McKee, Margaret Phippen, '23.  
McMichael, Ainslie, '13.  
Morton, Jean, '08.  
Pickard, Ruth McRoberts, '17.  
Puddington, Florence, '24.  
Rutherford, Helen, '20.  
Rutherford, Betty, '28.  
Spence, Helen, '25.  
Stephenson, Phyllis, '11.  
Thompson, Dora, '13.  
Warren, Elizabeth Scott, '22.  
Watson, Margery, '26.  
Wright, Jessie, '25.  
Wright, Helen, '23.



Miss Read spent Easter in New York.  
Aileene Marks sailed in January on an extended trip abroad.

Ruth Gray is on the teaching staff at Edgehill, Windsor, N.S.

Marion Douglas graduated from the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, in April.

Helen Wright spent Easter in Bermuda.

Norah MacIennan was in Denmark last summer, taking a course in Gymnastics and passed head of her class.

Mary Anderson has a position with the National Committee of the Y.W.-C.A. in Calcutta, India.

Mizpah Sussex Lithgow and Margaret McQueen Heard visited Allen Erb Goetchius in Washington last autumn.

Eleanor Ross, while in England last summer, was sponsor for the oil tank ship "Calgarolite."

Maida Macrae is nursing at a mission outpost in the north west.

Eleanor Whitman Rathkins left in January for Europe by way of the Mediterranean.

Jean McMichael's play "The China Cat" was one of seven to be chosen from among two hundred manuscripts by a

Regina dramatic society playing in several cities.

May Eyer and Marion Miller are at school in Lausanne, Switzerland.

Myrtle Putnam is nursing in Trenton, N.J.

Isobel Hearst Archbold, who is living in West Virginia, spent a few weeks in Toronto this Spring.

Isabel Liersch wintered in Florida.

Frances Whitman sailed for Europe last October and is now in Switzerland.

Margaret Aitken has a position in the Parliament Buildings.

Sylvia Cayley spent the winter in Somerville, N.C.

Isabel Pirie and Frances Smith are in Paris, at school.

Janet Dickson is a librarian in the City Library, Syracuse, N.Y.

Marjorie Hazelwood and Irma Brock were bridesmaids for Helen Jarvis Anderson, last September.

Sybil Kneeland Martin wintered in Honolulu.

Dora Thompson's book was among Eaton's ten best sellers at Christmas time.

Margaret Mackenzie Hodgson sailed for England, May 6th.

Agnes Baird is nursing in the Peking Union Medical College, China.

Dorothy Adams Baker and her children spent the winter in California.

Janet Bristol Maunder, who has been living at Montreal, has returned to Toronto, where she will in future reside.

Phyllis Becker has a flourishing class of dancing pupils.

Eleanor Cutcliffe visited Jacqueline Dumaresq last autumn.

Betty Piersol spent the winter in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Phyllis West is dietitian at the new Eastern General Hospital.

St. Claire Macdonald and Dorothy Manning were among those who were represented at the Spring Exhibition at the Toronto Art Gallery of black and white drawings.

Helen Lacey is at the Western Pennsylvania Hospital, Pittsburg, where she is taking a course in pupil dietetics.

Constance Watkins Rees spent March in Bermuda.

Esther Outerbridge and Jean Pirie have been in Toronto this winter, studying singing with Miss Hope Morgan.

Dorothy Cassels Telfer, who is living in South Africa, arrived in New York in April, where she will spend some time.

Frances Irving and Dorothy Grant took the three months course at Macdonald Hall, Guelph, last autumn.

Jean Morton was in Bermuda this winter. Margaret Morton Lightburn returned with Jean and will spend the summer in Canada.

Phyllis and Shirley Stewart spent the winter in the West Indies.

Maude Lacey is a student dietitian at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, Boston, Mass.

Ruth Stewart sailed for Europe shortly after Easter and will be away three months.

Mary Elliot McGucken spent the month of April in Victoria.

Katherine McVean is attending the Normal School, London, Ont.

Helen Spence, Eleanor Ross and Jean McIntosh graduate this year from Varsity.

Kathleen Ryan visited Lenore Gooderham this winter.

Irma Brock is again in Vancouver where she has a position in Physiotherapy.

Constance Cram is attending McGill, Montreal.

Catherine Davison is in training at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal.

Mercie Moore, Constance McNeill, Gertrude McQuigge and Margaret Robb are in their first year at Toronto University.

Eileen Magill, the first woman to obtain a pilot's license in Canada, recently flew from Winnipeg to St. Paul bearing greetings from the former city to the latter.

The following out-of-town members of the Alumnae visited the school during the past year:—

Dorothy Young Pfeiffer.

Margaret Johnston White.

Joanna and Margaret Harvey.

Gladys Billings Ireland. *teacher, Grand*

Ruth Bothwell Wansbrough.

Winnifred Gray Goodeve.

Ruth Langlois Smith.

Jacqueline Dumaresq.

Isabel MacGregor.

Eleanor Cutcliffe.

Evelyn Mackay Gerow.

Muriel Zybach.

Annella Minnes.

Louise Allen.

Betty Sparks.

Betty Evans.

Helen Goring.

Flora Featherstonhaugh.

Trembeth Luke.

Mary Parsons.

Mary Roberts.

## Births

- Delphine Burr Keens, a daughter, May 3rd.  
 Marjorie Weller Muntz, a son, Harold, May 3rd.  
 Doris Bishop Wickham, a daughter, Mary Anne, May 12th.  
 Edith Coate Topp, a daughter, May 14th.  
 Florence Gall Foulds, a daughter, May 20th.  
 Adelaide McCulloch Green, a son, May 21st.  
 Nora Parkes Noxon, a son, May 24th.  
 Beatrice Girdlestone Zeron, a son, May.  
 Phyllis Anderson Duncan, a son, John Ogilvie, June 1st.  
 Doris Savage Hall, a son, Rufus Monteith, June 17th.  
 Elva Stevenson Ebbels, a daughter, Anne, June 18th.  
 Thirza Puddy Ecclestone, a daughter, June 18th.  
 Marjorie Gordon Smith, a daughter, June 20th.  
 Isobel Read Silliker, a daughter, Isobel Gertrude, June 21st.  
 Grace Ryrie Chisholm, a daughter, June 23rd.  
 Dillwyn Warren Angus, a son, June 23rd.  
 Florence Verity Elliott, a daughter, Florence Eileen, June 25th.  
 Marjorie Reid Jackson, a daughter, June 26th.  
 Gladys McEvoy Neil, a son, Lawrence Andrew McEvoy, June 28th.  
 Jessie Renfrew Symonds, a daughter, June 28th.  
 Marie Carpenter Ross, a son, William, July 6th.  
 Grace Ponton Hargraft, a daughter, Barbara, July 18th.  
 Lorna Warren Clemes, a daughter, Lorna, July 19th.  
 Hilda Rutherford MacGillivray, a son, August 6th.  
 Lois Adams Batson, a daughter, Joyce Adams, August 20th.  
 Nora Wallace Stratford, a daughter, Nora, August 20th.  
 Jean Crombie Pierce, a daughter, Deborah Jean, August.  
 Beatrice Taylor Lambert, a daughter, Sept. 8th.  
 Margaret Despard Fenton, a son, Sept. 21st.  
 Lesley Sykes Webster, a daughter, Sept. 25th.  
 Helen Clarkson Van Nostrand, a daughter, Sept. 26th.  
 Kathleen Lewis Dennehy, a son, Sept. 26th.  
 Edith Ames Forster, a daughter, Sept. 28th.  
 Isabel Stephenson Wynkie, a daughter, Barbara Louise, Sept. 30th.  
 Jean Rankin Campbell, a son, Oct. 7th.  
 Eleanor Sykes McCulloch, a son, Robert, Oct. 8th.  
 Jean Putnam Mallory, a daughter, Ruth Noreen, Oct. 16th.  
 Virginia Outerbridge Cooper, a son,, Morris, Oct. 17th.  
 Marjorie Lyon Wigle, a son, Oct. 30th.  
 Claire Prime Sneath, a daughter, Oct. 31st.  
 Ray Gordon O'Reilly, a son, Nov. 8th.  
 Jean Ganong Eaton, a daughter, Muriel Ann, Nov. 10th.  
 Evelyn Mackay Gerow, a son, Nov. 26th.  
 Edith Ohrt Wheelwright, a son, John, Nov. 30th.  
 Margaret Walton Meyer, a daughter, Barbara, Dec. 12th.  
 Helen Ballantyne Kemp, a son, Dec. 22nd.  
 Muriel Moore Bragg, a son, Lawrence Moore, Dec. 28th.  
 Edith Renfrew Heron, a son, Dec. 31st.  
 Mary Lawson Hall, a son, Jan. 4th.  
 Ruth Porter Case, a son, Jan. 5th.  
 Marjorie Moore Stein, a son, Jan. 6th.  
 Mary Tyrrell Dalton, a son, John Arthur, Jan. 16th.  
 Larry Worthington Dignum, a daughter, Jan. 17th.  
 Corrie Cowie Barber, a daughter, Phyllis Marion, Jan. 26th.  
 Daisy Robertson Gall, a son, Feb. 4th.  
 Ruth Bothwell, Wansbrough, a daughter, Barbara Jane, Feb. 8th.  
 Isabel Clemes Leishman, a son, Feb. 11th.  
 Eric Sheppard Catto, a daughter, Catherine Elizabeth, Feb. 13th.  
 Jean Mickleborough King, a son, March 4th.  
 Geraldine Stephenson Bull, a daughter, Jane Stephenson, March 6th.  
 Constance Davies Muspratt, twin sons, March 15th.

Isabel Thompson Cope, a son, March 15th.  
 Sylvia Lyon Deyell, a son, March 15th.  
 Shirley Lind Chelew, a daughter, Carol Shirley, March 19th.  
 Isabel Watt Osbourne, a son, March 21st.  
 Mary Martin Small, a son, Richard, March 21st.

Dora Adams Hare, a son, March 22nd.  
 Carmen Fair Capon, a son, April 14th.  
 Elizabeth Mackenzie Brodie, a son, April 17th.  
 Edith Wilson Alexander, a son, April 17th.  
 Lesley Lee Webster, a daughter, April 22nd.

## Marriages

Phyllis Wright to Mr. John L. Griffith, April 21st.  
 Corrie Cowie to Mr. Eric E. Barber, April 26th.  
 Bessie Stone to Mr. John Ed. Howell, May 4th.  
 Olga Tough to Mr. Jas. Reginald Stratton, May 26th.  
 Helen Wilson to Mr. Herbert J. Liersch, June 2nd.  
 Lesley Lee to Mr. H. J. Ross Webster, June 2nd.  
 Amea Brewin to Mr. Woodbury Willoughby, June 4th.  
 Elizabeth Mackenzie to Mr. Alfred E. Brodie, June 6th.  
 Kathleen Freeland to Mr. Wm. Miller Vernon, June 8th.  
 Annetta Dalley to Mr. Norman H. McCullough, June 11th.  
 Margaret Parker to Mr. Geoffrey Somers, June 16th.  
 Jean Rutherford to Mr. John S. Rhodes, June 23rd.  
 Ruth Hamilton to Mr. Robt. Daniel Doran, June 28th.  
 Frances Wiser to Mr. Alex. Bell Thompson, June 30th.  
 Olive Murphy to Mr. Hubert C. McDowell, July 2nd.  
 Margaret McTavish to Mr. Morden Nielson, July 10th.  
 Kathleen Meldrum to Mr. Jas. V. Ludgate, Sept. 1st.  
 Millicent Boyd to Dr. Wilmot D. Robson, Sept. 6th.  
 Marjorie Crawford to Mr. Wm. M. Anderson, Sept. 8th.  
 Helen Jarvis to Major Alex. A. Anderson, Sept. 8th.  
 Lillian Buckley to Mr. E. Menzie Murray, Sept. 12th.  
 Marion Kirkpatrick to Mr. Edward B. Wait, Sept. 15th.  
 Grace Bone to Mr. John Gordon Collinson, Sept. 15th.  
 Hilda Smith to Rev. Robert Palmer, Sept. 15th.  
 Bessie Webster to Mr. Ernest Villiers Brown, Sept. 20th.

Amy Davidge to Mr. Richard H. B. Hector, Sept. 22nd.  
 Phyllis Langdon to Mr. Oswald N. Edwards, Sept. 27th.  
 Helen Lawson, to Mr. Strachan K. Bongard, Sept. 29th.  
 Bernice Dennis to Mr. Harold M. Stevens, Oct. 2nd.  
 Mary Lind to Mr. C. Wilmot Wilson, Oct. 6th.  
 Trembeth Luke to Mr. George P. Doty, Oct. 13th.  
 Kathleen Gallagher to Mr. Wm. Harold Leak, Oct. 27th.  
 Jean MacAgy to Mr. Murray G. White, Nov. 10th.  
 Marjorie Russell to Mr. John Labatt Reid, Nov. 13th.  
 Muriel Parsons to Mr. Richard T. Fulford, Nov. 14th.  
 Adeline Jarvis Vacher to Mr. Arthur A. Squires, Dec. 26th.  
 Elinor Bone to Mr. Arthur Wier, Jan. 19th.  
 Helen Innes to Mr. Clarence James Henry, Feb. 9th.  
 Helen Mackenzie to Mr. John Scott Todd, Feb. 19th.  
 Mary Crouch to Mr. John Scott Oliver, March 11th.  
 Isabelle Buck to Mr. Arthur C. Burt, March 30th.  
 Elizabeth Thomson to Mr. F. Chipman Scholfield, April 2nd.  
 Edith Bellamy to Mr. Marshall James Kern, April 3rd.  
 Jessie Dixon to Mr. Geo. Mackay Ray, April 4th.  
 Margaret MacLean to Mr. Gordon MacLaren, May 18th.  
 Helen Hay to Mr. Archibald McDonald, May 25th.

---

## Deaths

Mr. Rudolph Muspratt, husband of Constance Davies, Jan. 28th.  
 Mr. Harold A. Robertson, husband of Kathleen Baird, March 6th.

**In Memoriam**

**HELEN JUNOR BURDEN**

**January 31st**

**1929**

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*Second Row—Helen Glennie, Helen Richardson.*

*Third Row—Babs Goulding, Margaret Henderson, Lillian Kribs.*





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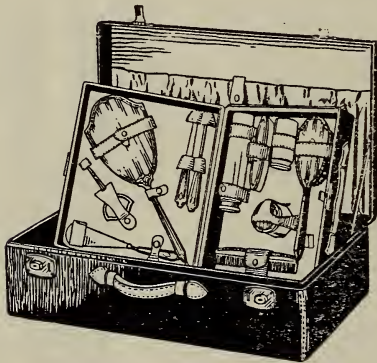


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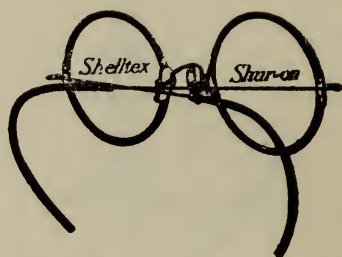
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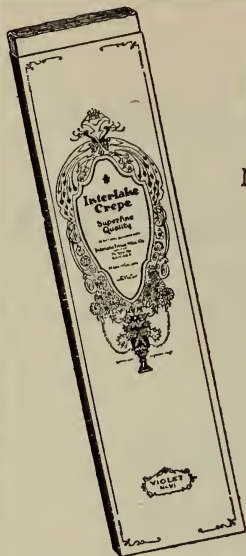
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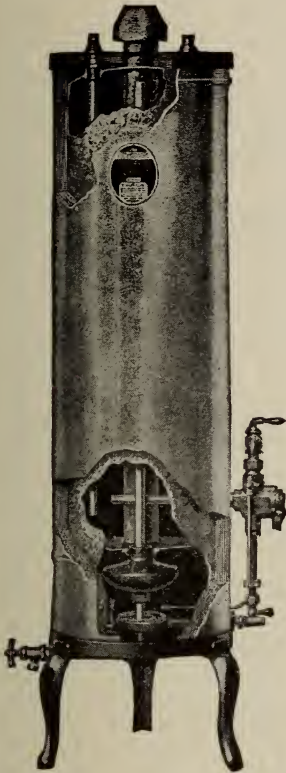
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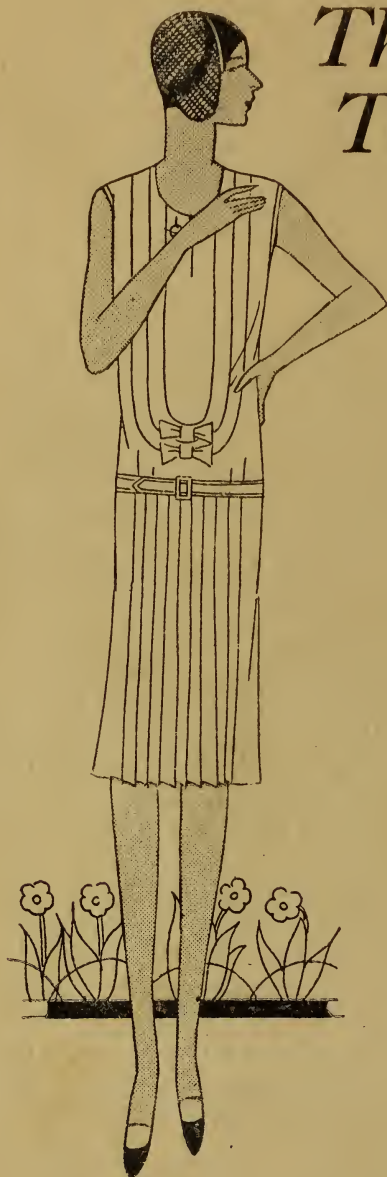
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